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"YOU ARE MY SON'S WIFE, I SUPPOSE, YOUNG LADY!"

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF
"EAST LYNN," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

THE SHADOW AGAIN.

Drew walked his horse quietly on the grass until he came to the corner of the lane, near Harebell Pond; and then he rode away as if the horse had been his. He could not get Black's wife and that coffin out of his mind. Drew was neither a timorous nor a superstitious man; but the solitary lane struck him as being unpleasantly solitary to-night, and he was glad to get out of it.

Be very sure that he would take the near way home; the fine new road, Dene Hollow. If ever Drew had felt special cause to congratulate himself on Sir Dene's having made that road, he did now. Turning off by the front gates of Harebell Farm, he galloped it. A fine, smooth, beautiful road, lying white and cold in the moonlight. So bright was it, that the ghostly branches of the bare trees cast their shadows on it in places here and there as clearly as they did in the sunshine of day.

"Now I hope that wench, Prie, has kept my supper warm," muttered Drew, as his sure-footed horse began to descend. "She's a regular sower, though, in some things. Shouldn't wonder but she—"

A start, a bound, a spring; and Jonathan Drew was thrown violently to the ground. The horse had started, as if in some fright; and had leaped from one side of the road to the other, across the foot-path, against the bank. It was like one who flies from some mortal enemy. Very nearly, if not quite in the same spot, it was, where the accident had occurred to Sir Dene's daughter; and the sudden spring of the horse had been like the spring made by Sir Dene's horse.

How long Jonathan Drew might have lain there undiscovered, but for one fortunate circumstance, it was impossible to say; most probably until broad daylight. Mr. Prie came down the road, and found him. He, the surgeon, was returning home from a late visit to Harebell Farm. George Arde, his wife, and the baby had come there to spend a week or two and stay over Christmas; the child had been taken with convulsions in the afternoon; and Mr. Prie had considered it in so much danger that he went up again the last time before bedtime, and remained till past midnight.

Drew lay insensible. The spurs on his boots and the riding whip at his side disclosed to the doctor the fact that he must have been thrown from his horse. He tried to rouse him, but could not; and feared there might be a concussion of the brain. Getting assistance from the mill lower down—a rather difficult matter of accomplishment at that hour of the night—Drew was conveyed to his home.

It was not brain concussion; at least, to any serious extent; for Drew recovered his senses by the time he was at home, and his intellect seemed unimpaired. What Mr. Prie began to fear now was concussion of the spine. Drew seemed powerful as to move or stand; but he said he was not hurt, and talked away. Prie, his wife, and Dobbin had come galloping home with his coat in a sweat, all in a mortal fright.

"I can't think what ailed the brute," observed Drew to the doctor when they were alone. "He never served me such a trick before."

"Dobbin was always so steady and sure-footed," rejoined Mr. Prie.

"He's sure-footed enough; 'twasn't that," said Drew facetiously. "The fool took fright."

"What at?"

"Way at nothing," returned Drew. "Nothing that I could see. He wants a good hiding. And he'll get it to-morrow."

"If the horse started, it must have been at something," observed the surgeon.

"Perhaps a hare scolded across his path."

"There wasn't no hare and there wasn't no rabbit," returned Drew; whose temper was certainly not improved by his mishap.

"I tell ye, doctor, there wasn't nothing. All around was just as still as still could be; and the road was as bright as day."

Mr. Prie did not contradict again. He finished his examination of Drew, found that no bones were broken, and was imparting that cheering news, when the patient abruptly interrupted him.

"Better bones! As if mine was young and brittle, that they should snap at a shout off a horse. I say, Dr. Prie, went was the matter with Black's wife, up at the Trailing Indian?"

"She has had low fever."

"When did she die?"

"Die!" repeated the doctor, in surprise.

"Mrs. Black's not dead. She is better."

"Is she, though?" complacently returned Drew, as if it afforded him pleasure to contradict for contradiction's sake—as in fact it did.

"When did you see her last, sir?"

"Two or three days ago," was the answer.

"She is tolerably well now, and I took my leave of her."

"Well, then, I can tell you, doctor, that she is dead."

Looking up into Mr. Prie's face from the bed on which he was lying, Drew related what he had seen that night. It sounded so strangely mysterious altogether, that Mr. Prie at first thought his patient must be wandering. But Drew repeated the story minutely, and the notion passed away.

"Surely it cannot be Mrs. Black who has died?" exclaimed the doctor, feeling himself a discreditable fool.

"I can't be nobody else," disputed Drew.

"When I was up there yesterday, 'twasn't no stranger in the house at all. Black was a grumbling but not a soul had put up there for a week or two. Now, Mr. Prie, what I'd like to ask is this—whether there was anything wrong about the woman's death? Else why should Black be so cool it, and smuggle her out of the place at midnight?"

"I don't like the look of it," said Mr. Prie, after a pause. "The woman was in no danger of death when I took my leave of her. Even if she had had a relapse—which I don't think was at all likely to happen—it could not have killed her so soon as this."

"I think it ought to be looked into," said Drew. "Black was the credit of being capable of acts as black as his name. There was that talk of the travelling peddler you know—seen to go into the inn, but never seen to come out on't again—was has never been cleared up."

"I shall look into this," replied Mr. Prie, with decision. "If the woman is dead, Black must render an account of how she died. I'll go up there in the morning."

Drew laid his hand on Mr. Prie's arm.

"Doctor, don't you bring in my name to Black; don't say 'twas me that watched 'em; he'll argue, some instinct prompting him to ask it. Rudy Black shan't be coming here to abuse me while I be helpless; he'd have it all his own way. Let me get about again, and I'll soon tell him what I saw—and ask the reason out."

Mr. Prie nodded an unhesitating acquiescence to the request. Not only to oblige Drew, but also in the sanitary interests of that poor Drew would soon be in a condition to render "absent" from Black, or any one else, dangerously excitable. The doctor was just as unpleasantly impressed with this strange account of the midnight doings at the Trailing Indian as Drew had been.

In the course of the following morning Mr. Prie went up to Trailing Indian, taking the near out from Harebell Farm through the fields. As he crossed the stile between the high holly hedge, he thought of what Drew had said—that it was close by that spot where he and Dobbin had halted the previous night. When Black, peeping forth from within his stable-door, saw the doctor cross it, he knew that he had come from Harebell Farm. The fact that he had been summoned the previous day to George Arde's little child was no news at the inn.

The Trailing Indian presented its customary still and silent features. Nobody was about that the doctor could see. He went over, his mind full of the dead woman. Stepping in at the front door—which would make a show of keeping itself open for a few hours in the day-time—Mr. Prie passed on to the kitchen; and the first object his eyes alighted on was Black's wife. Black's wife, with a bucket in her hand. No wonder, considering what his thoughts had been running on, that the sudden apparition startled him more than if he had seen her dead.

"Bless my heart!" he exclaimed, in the fulness of his astonishment. "Why, Mr. Black, I—I—had reason to fear that something had happened to you."

"I'm getting a good deal better and stronger, thank you, sir," she said, lodging her bucket in the tub, and looking at him.

"When did you fear had happened to me, sir?"

"Why I thought that you had died, in fact; or something of the sort. Who is it that has died here?"

"That has died here!" gasped Mrs. Black, suddenly struck into timidity—but her manner was timid at the bravest of times.

"Nobody has died here, sir."

"Oh, yes they have," said the doctor, thinking it best to speak out, now he was in for it. "And was taken away in a coffin and hearse last night at midnight."

Mrs. Black's answer to this—if answer it might be called—was to let fall the water and bucket into the tub, and to sink herself down on the nearest chair. The doctor had rarely in his life seen a picture of fear, such as this. She shook from head to foot; her face and lips turned ghastly, and to her knees. Mr. Prie began to feel sorry to have entered on the subject with her; but in truth it had escaped him in his utter astonishment.

"What's all this row?"

The interruption came from Black; who—to judge by his badly-suppressed savage aspect and white look, nearly as white as his wife's—must have heard. The woman started from her chair and escaped, leaving him to deal with it.

Through thick and thin Black swore that nothing of the kind, as described by Mr. Prie, had taken place. That the only room-out for it lay in this: About ten o'clock the previous night, just as he and his wife were going up to bed, a hearse drove into the yard; the two men accompanying it wanted to bait their horses and to take some refreshment themselves. At twelve o'clock, both men and horses being refreshed, they drove away again. Black was ready to take



BARON THERON IN HIS CELL.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

his oath to this before any justice of the peace; as being all he knew about the matter. He had asked the men, he said, who it was they had got, and they answered that it was a lady who had died away from her home and was being taken to it across the country for burial.

Now perhaps Mr. Prie might have believed this; might have concluded that Jonathan's Drew's eyesight had not seen so much as it had fancied, but for the consciousness and terror displayed by Mrs. Black. What the mystery was, what the crime, he did not attempt to guess at; but it must be something.

"Do you mean to say, Black, that the coffin was not taken out of your house at this very stable-door, opposite to me as I sit, and put into the hearse?"

"That it never was," foamed Black.

"Look here, Black. I don't pretend to fathom the mystery of this. My information is correct, I believe; the person who witnessed this has good eyesight. He saw the side-door open, he saw the coffin brought out of it by three or four men at least, and put into the hearse. It was as light as day. You say the coffin was not taken out of the house at all, or could have understood that it was merely being put back again."

Black's positive oath, taken in his first heat—that the coffin had never been removed from the hearse—began to burn his lips. He thought what a fool he had been.

"They didn't take it out that I saw," he growled. "Why should they? Where was the man standing—that you say watched all the mummery?"

"Over the way; by the stile."

Black threw back his head as if he had expected the answer. "Who was it, Mr. Prie?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you. It is of no consequence who it was."

Black laughed an evil laugh. He thought he knew better than Mr. Prie could tell him. Who was likely to be about at that time of night, and at that spot, the stile, but Robert Owen? With his own eyes, he had seen Owen leaning over it at night, as if watching his horse, more times than once.

"He is a cursed sneak, whoever it was, to come out to spy at a neighbor's castle in the dark, Mr. Prie."

"He did not come out to do anything of the kind. What new news saw as I thought."

"Now solemnly!" retorted Black, curling his lip in scornful disbelief.

"I assure you, Black, it was so. He happened to be passing. But that has nothing to do with the point in question. I must tell you candidly I think there's more in this matter than you would like me to believe."

"Any way, that's all I know about it," was Black's cold answer. "If your friend wants better information, Mr. Prie, he must go after the hearse, and seek it out for himself. Where was it now the men said they were bound to? Bonaparte's, I think. Here, Joe; come in," he called out, as the porter passed the side-door.

"Tell the doctor all about that there hearse that was at the inn last night," continued Black. "He has come up with a confounded story that the Trailing Indian sent away a coffin in it."

Joe, a short, powerfully built man, with ragged flaxen hair and a swinging gait, as if he might sometime have been a sailor, looked steadily from one to the other.

"I dun' know nothing o' the hearse, save that it stopped here to wait," said he. "Why time did it come?—and what time did it go away?—and who was with it?—why dun' you speak?" cried his master, stamping his foot impatiently.

"It come in about ten—so near as I can tell, and it stopped a good two hours. The horses had a feed o' corn; and the two men had some at to eat and drink in here; I dun' know what; the missus do; she served 'em. They'd got a lady in the hearse, the driver told me, and was a carrying of her to her own family's place for burial."

Either they were telling truth, or else had conned their tale by heart. Which of the two it was, Mr. Prie could not quite decide, in spite of his suspicion. But, as Mrs. Black had assuredly not been carried away in the hearse, and it might have been simply as Black stated, the doctor did not consider that he was called upon to investigate the matter further. Intimating as much to Black, who did not appear to receive it with any gratitude, he took his departure.

"What did all that there mean?"—and why was I called upon to speak?" demanded the hostler then, of his master.

"Well, we got watched last night, Joe; that's all. The load was seen to come out o' here and watched into the hearse."

Joe said a word that he might have been fined for. And another; and another.

"Watched! Who by, master?"

Rudy Black extended his hand and pointed in the direction of Harebell Farm. And Mr. Joe broke out into several ugly words in succession, joining them with the name of Robert Owen.

Could Mr. Prie but have known the ill he unconsciously worked that day to the innocent master of Harebell Farm!

One of the first visitors to Mr. Jonathan Drew's bedside, was Mary Barber. "I'll call in and see him," thought she. "He served mother that old trick—pretending to know nothing of the paper sent by Sir Dene's daughter—but we be kind o' rumormongers after all; and I'll go in." Accordingly, just about the time that Mr. Prie was with the Trailing Indian, Mary Barber was with the injured man.

"How came the boat to throw you, Daw?" she asked.

Drew told her, just as he had told others, that he did not know how it was, or why it was. He described the sudden start and spring, the evident terror that had assailed the boat, all for no apparent cause. Mary Barber listened in silence, her mind busy.

"Drew," said she, "it must have been the shadow that frightened him."

"You are a fool," returned Drew.

"You called me that before, Drew, when I told you what mother said about the Shadow on the Hollow."

"The old woman was dreaming when she said it," returned Drew.

"She was dying; not dreaming. And, Drew, them dying people sometimes get a curiousy-clearing gut into things. What the Shadow's are saw might be, I don't know no more than you. But I be sure she did see it; and I think it stands to reason it was that, and ought aye, that startled Sir Dene's horse. I should say the same thing startled Dobbin."

"Why dun' you say that pigs fly?" roared Drew.

🐾 Eugene's favorite colors are violet and mauve.

GODFREY.

"AT PEACE WITH GOD."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

It was in the time of sprouting wheat-fields and of crocus blossoms, when the snow-banks in greenish hollows, sheltered from the warm winds of April, shrank away from the sunning like for long phantoms of the dead winter, their colorless heart-blood trickling down in pools and rills that slipped into the swollen river and were no more seen forever; time when the first violets bravely lifted their leafy stems above the decaying verdure of past summer days and uncovered their chaste, sweet faces, looking up at whoever passed like promises of shining hours soon to follow; time when the asp rose to the topmost twigs of the sycamores, when every tree and shrub and plant put forth its buds, when all life was being renewed with the budding year, and gentle winds and softly-dropping showers sweetly prophesied of June's ripeness and of rest.

These should have been no mourning in these waking hours; there should have been no weeping and heart-break; but hope should have prevailed, and joying. In this month of floral birth and growing winter grain what place was there for Death?

Yet Death was near? To many hearts the sombre shadow of his solemn pinions eclipsed the sunshine that lay upon the long green fields and grey woodlands, that shimmered upon the waters of the turbulent river, or kissed their happy faces.

They knelt in speechless anguish around her bed and could not weep, but looked on her with fevered, thirsting eyes, and covered their agonized faces. She alone was calm, sweet patience in her eyes and saintly smiles hovering around her lips of gentleness. She was not in pain, now; the weary agony of months had left her, and naught remained save the pain of parting with the dear ones of earth whom she loved so well. Godfrey knelt by her sleeping, her delicate hand in his, his manly-browed, colorless face crossed with awful grief and love unutterable. The sunshine streaming in through the damask curtains cast over them a subdued, tinted light, that tinged their pallid faces with delicate color, and from an opening in the crimson hangings the radiant light flashed through upon her was face, shining white and featureless amid the clustering golden locks as piled upon the pillow, like a star seen in midday through a shroud of sunshine.

Her quiet eyes were lighted with a peaceful smile, and her lips moved softly. Listening, they caught her whispered words.

"Dear friends, heaven is very near. I am passing from you; not for long we part, not long."

And again she spoke faintly, like a person going from them, whose voice was heard from afar.

"Godfrey, are you near?"

"I am here, beloved."

Her glances sought his face, bending so near to hers.

"Kiss me, my love—not for the last time, dearest; we will meet in Paradise one happy day."

With gentle glances she looked upon their bowed, sorrowing faces, and smiling, closed her placid eyes. Softly her lips moved, as though she prayed, and even while they watched her, heaven opened and the white, womanly spirit had flown. Oh fair, frail, fly-away! Oh pearl of purity! Oh soul of patient hope and patient trust! Oh maiden of true worth and loving lowliness!

"Thou bowed down thy head with friends on earth."

To raise it with the saints in Paradise."

Amid Spring's beauty and freshness they bore her to the grey old cemetery, where the grass was sprouting upon the graves and mosses upon the tombstones, where the wild-pink's foliage grew in the vacant lots, and in the drives the weeds started and the timothy and blue-grass lifted their tufted spires, and snowy, trifoliate watercloves blossomed on the banks of the noisy brook that bubbled through the land of graves on foam-white feet and with riotous laughter.

As the days passed on, snow-drops grew strong and lusty above her, white anemones lifted their stately brows, and the sweet alyssum burdened the morning sycamore with fragrance. At her folded feet the brook murmured and dashed and sang, the silvery minnows darted, and the blue-starred myrtle trailed, tended by loving hands. Tranquilly she slumbered while the mourners went about the street weeping their dead.

Often in the summer mornings Godfrey hastened unto his wife's grave with his tribute of flowers, the lilies that she had loved, the snow-drops dew-besprinkled, the pearly June roses, chaste and sweet as the memory of his beloved. And in the shadow of evening hours he called to her beside the quiet mound, or mused in silence and wept that no responsive, yearning voice awoke at his impulsive pleading, and no shade glided into his arms so passionately desired.

One time he lingered far into the night beside the mound with his pale, poetic face buried among the daisy blossoms and sweet alyssum flowers blowing at the foot of the whitish stone. The sun sank rapidly down in the golden sea of the occidental horizon, and out of the darkening crimson of the western sky trembled Hesperus. The stars glimmered down through leagues and leagues of space, and up and up through heights and utmost heights of the empyrean above their tranquil light; and the silvery, floating beams reflected from innumerable worlds looked down upon the green mound where dreamed lovers so near together, and yet so widely separated.

The town clocks clanging out the hour of midnight, waked Godfrey from slumber.

Around him lay the quiet grave; the katydid sang and the brook laughed and flitted its foamy wings in the sheenful light; the weeping willows shook their mournful leaves, and through the aspen woods waited the weary wind, and the waning moon was sinking in the west.

Looking upon the mound so quiet and green, and thinking of himself so alone and forgotten, he raised aloft his empty arms with a long, low cry and cried aloud:

"A lie, oh Alice, beloved! Come to me, Alice!"

The walling winds hushed to a whisper, and the darkness trembled and was smote with flaming swords of light that thrust it back and pierced it until shadow was no more visible. A confused radiance thrilled the air and it lit with a mystic glory out of earth; a hundred million before his vision, swaying, bending, vibrating with some in-

visible power, taking slowly the shape of a maiden, who stood smiling upon him with saintly, celestial eyes of an angel. Her immaculate wings were folded, around her form trailed her tresses, and unto him her hands were reached in welcome. Gazing, the light faded his holding vision, and it was as he were blind; his brain throbbled and was nearly crazed, and falling prone before her, he moaned in rapt anguish:

"How can I touch thee with mine earthly hands—Alice! Alice! How can I behold thee with a mortal sight! What is mine untried love to thine affection, sacrificed a thousand-fold through closest communion with the angels, thou purest among angels!"

"Have faith, beloved; trust in me, that I have not forgotten, but am with thee ever. Why moorest thou thus, letting life glide away nor fulfilling the mission Christ hath given thee? Did I go from thy presence but to prevent the coming of God's will to pass in the doing of good deeds through thee? Lament not always the irrevocable past. No one is wholly dead. The influence of no life dies. Forget not this, and remember that I am with thee always. Fall not, but rise, oh love, for love of me!"

He felt the touch of her tresses upon his throat, the pressure of her lips upon his brow. And then the light faded, faded, and it was midnight and the moon was waning.

Rising, he sped with leaping feet from the graveyard, a new flame of life centring madly through all his veins and knocking at the door of his heart to meet the smouldering fire there. His looks of midnight streamed backward on the rising winds, his wild eyes flashed like flame through utter darkness, his arms were lifted as he reached up unto helping hands that grasped his own, raising him heavenward. His too heavy gaze which his quivering fingers could not open, he crossed and heavily fell back and upon the lawn, and his face was white as a maiden's flower. Over him the fragrant lilies showered their snowy blossoms, and the wind lifted from his temples the disheveled tresses. The blue-blinded peasants gazing to their early toil in the fields, found him lying weak and chilled on the ground, and carried him home where no woman's bright face welcomed him, and no heart was crossed with pain that he was suffering and weak as a little child. But he said, "See in my face, his life is in my life. I shall not forget."

Years passed away. The last harvest face that in youth and early manhood had been careless and dreamy of expression had grown very powerful and tender in the strong manhood that had dawned upon his soul. No longer he mourned for his beloved dead; and they who had known him in earlier days marvelled exceedingly at the wondrous change in him. He had small care for pleasure, for ordinary delights. Exceedingly sensitive, he was stern to himself, doing all duties without reluctance, sparing self never; toward others full of mercy. His own good learned he to create "counting all earthly gain but dirt and loss."

Truly, he "chose and bore the cross."

Often as he fasted in prayer, one came to him out of the spirit-land, helping him, cheering him unto new endeavor, blessing him. They who looked upon his noble face so illumined with lofty inspiration felt the better life within them awakened in his presence. They who listened to his impassioned eloquence felt their whole nature stirred and shaken vehemently into grander aims in life as a future is shaken through all its shadow-duplets of sinfulness by the mighty whirlwind. Many a heart high to breaking he healed with the magic balm of kindness; many feet stained with the blackness of evil turned he unto ways of righteousness; in his path his teachings dropped like dew in a land of death upon the heavenward struggling flowers of human souls. Around him grateful blessings were showered like blossoms clustering in his path.

Putting aside the roses he trod upon thorns that blossomed beneath his feet like the red of Aaron.

One Sabbath evening Godfrey spoke from his pulpit to the listening, eager throng gathered to hear him. Men who heard him speak that night say that his tongue was inspired as they of pentecost of yore. His eyes held in them light of heaven, and around his brow it was a halo shown, so akin to the angels was he though still of earth. Some say that over his aged head white hands were held dropping blessings on him even while his arms were extended above the bowed brows of those who received his solemn benediction.

The people filed out of the cathedral slowly, wife by husband, sister with sister, child and mother. Some loitered to exchange hushed greetings with one another; some spoke of the preacher and of the sermon, and marveled; many souls were prayer-filled; many feet, straying from righteous paths, turned from ways of death, and remorseful hearts went yearning, yearning unto God, and the angels rejoiced.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Oh! blessed mourning! Ah! sweet comfort!

The ponderous doors were at last closed. Godfrey alone remained kneeling in the sanctuary to fast and pray till morning.

Midnight. And lurid flames burst from the chancel. Midnight! And the clanging, brassy bells pealed the dread alarm from clashing tongues. In the streets there was confusion—hurry—upstart—and people running back and forth in the darkness, shouting, and little children wailing, and strong men waited for him who was at the mercy of the merciless fire! Midnight! And the spiral, smoldering, roasting flames mounted to the empyrean!

Godfrey would have hastened forth to save himself—but it was too late. The smoke and flame drove him back, following his receding steps. The red light flashed on wall and ceiling with terrible glare, the tapestry flames—the lamps were fast and burst, their oil dropping to the pavement in fiery streams; and once and ornament fell burning, and the heavy beams and timbers boomed the aisles, and tumbled flaming across the flaming organ seat, or barred the portals.

He knelt on the marble steps of the sanctuary with folded palms.

"Christ, is the time come?"

And over him a voice responded, "The time is come."

Gazing his silver head he bowed upon his breast with smiles. Thus was it sweet to love God and die.

"Thy Will be done, oh, Father! Be merciful to me, a sinner."

Was this man a sinner? Then what are we, whose lives hold so little of good?

He felt some mysterious power severing his soul from earthly things—he heard a heavy sound as of the falling of a body—and he saw himself lying on the marble floor of

the sanctuary with serenity and Christian patience and strength (thus in the quiet consciousness. And no flame came near him, nor touched a hair of his head. Then he knew himself to be a scorch with a scorch's celestial shape and wisdom, and with a scorch's purity and power.

Alice—beautiful! so beautiful!—was with him, smiling into his divine eyes. He could touch her now, for he was no more of earth. He could stay, bar to him, beholding her through no insubstantial haze of spiritual glory. He could love her with the unceasing affection of immortals.

In the gray dawning they who searched among the smoldering ruins for Godfrey's body, thinking to find it crushed and buried almost beyond recognition, found it lying on the marble floor of the fire-scathed sanctuary. There was no mark of fire on the body, no contortion of the face as of suffocation or of pain. The patient lips were slightly parted as in peaceful dreaming, over the dark eyes fell the fringed lashes, and folded lay the hands across the quiet bosom. They who in silent reverence gazed upon him thus, unscathed and white among ruin and blackness of ash and ember, marveled exceedingly, and said, "Verily, he is saved in the furnace."

And there was weeping throughout the land, and mourning at many death-stones for him that had gone from among them. And there was thanksgiving throughout the land and around many hearth-stones for the rest, and the peace, and the blood-redness unto which he had passed, to grieve no more for ever.

Is Man Descended from the Monkey?
A BARBON'S VIEWS.

This question, raised by the celebrated philosopher, Mr. Darwin, has come up from a new point of view. St. Blomum, of the Leader, has been interviewing a celebrated and distinguished monkey of the Baboon species, on the "Descent of man." He (the Baboon) got his back up immediately—was very indignant. He gave Darwin "fit," and denounced him as a base flatterer of his race—the monkey race. "What do you take us for?" he asked. "Take Greely, with his most outrageous and ridiculous farming theories and general unaccountableness, not to say cunningness—do you for a moment imagine that one drop of the blue blood of the ape, the gorilla, the orang-outang flows in his veins? Perish the thought! There's Trampus!"

The Baboon dismissed George Francis with this contemptuous exclamation: "Take man—hold him up to view. What is he? A fraud. His institutions—examine them. What are they? Humbug. His professions and practices—they are false and monstrous. His general administration of things—outrageous, is it not? And let me ask you, sir, if monkeys' humanity to monkeys makes countless thousands mourn, as does man's? No, sir—no. Does the monkey impose for debt?—imprison poor widowers, the unfortunate victims of rascals and ruffians in houses of detention, and let the scoundrels go free? Does he fling children in school? club drunken men, and thrust them into cells to die? In short, can the monkey be charged with doing any of the hundred and one outrageous and cruel things that outrageous and cruel man delights in? No, sir; he is no such man—no such monkey, I mean."

"Are monkeys so demoted as to light their dwellings with fire? Is death in the shape of 'non-explosive fluids' not much, when they can get pipe torches. Do monkeys conspire to get up 'corriers' and things? Never! Do monkeys fool away their time in searching for a Northwest passage, which, when found, would be of no account? Indeed they do not."

"No, sir," he continued, loftily, "our people (how was that for high?) would not be guilty of the absurdities, ridiculousities, dampfooleries and monstrousities that characterize your people; and as their blood does not deteriorate, they could not beget a race that would cut up as your folks do—out of the question, sir, out of the question. We are a pure race; yours is fearfully and wonderfully adulterated. If we ape you at times, it is only that you may see yourselves as others see you, sir. You live in pretensions dwellings, and are all artificiality; we live in places not made by hands, and are all naturalness."

"Sir, I am now engaged upon a work," he continued, drawing himself up to his full height, "which will be a truthful refutation of Darwin's work, and will prove him to be a liar and a villain! Pardon me, sir, if in the heat of the moment I have made use of the opprobrious terms so often emanating from one of your great philosophers. I do not often so far forget myself, but Darwin has stirred the dents of my heart and roused the blue blood in my veins, the base libel!"

"No doubt that it will be a great work," we remarked, as the roused Baboon concluded. "When may we look for it, sir?" we asked, with great interest.

"In about three months," he returned. "But do you know," he continued, "that all over the world, wherever our race exists, there are to be held simultaneous mass and indignation meetings on the 4th of July, the great central meeting to come off in Africa, at which meetings Darwin will be denounced as a base libeler, and effectually squelched; men shown up in his true colors, and the monkey's high status and pure blood, which never deteriorates, vindicated triumphantly and forever established? We will show all creation and the 'balance of the world' what man is, and what the monkey."

The Baboon looked proud, he did, and his brightly lit curled with disdain. Of course, we don't know about these indignation meetings to be held, and told him so, and at the same time asked him why he endeavored to mingle with the race he so despised. "My dear fellow, why is this?" we asked, and patted him on the shoulder. He stepped back, brushed his contaminated shoulder, and with freezing dignity said, "Not any familiarity, if you please, sir."

A mental "shew!" and we waited, and waited further developments.

"I'll tell you why," he said, at length. "It is to show him what I know about barback riding. I have a pride in his direction similar to Hovav's in the direction agricultural. He knows a heap about farming—he's a bit of a—well, and wishing all the world to know what he knows about farming, take the means he does to inform the world. He is a theorist, however, who I am a practicalist, if you will permit the word. But it is about time for rehearsal, and I must be going."

"Then you won't admit for a moment that the monkey was man's progenitor, according to Darwin?"

"Sir!" he uttered loftily and indignantly. "You scoldingly deny the soft impeachment, do you?"

The baboon gave us a withering look and waited off, not thinking it worth while to reply—he was too indignant.

Reader, we think Darwin has put his foot in it. Man is as mad as the monkey with him, and the monkey is terribly excited and "down on" him. Between the two, we are willing he should fight it out if it takes his lifetime. As for us, we don't know whether Darwin is correct and baboon wrong, or baboon wrong and Darwin correct. You have your own views, probably.

ITEMS.

The Medical Gazette suggests an inquiry whether the common practice of putting up chewing tobacco in lead foil may not account for some of the numerous cases of lead poisoning not traced to any recognized source.

A Western paper states that the race of giants is reported near Lone Jack, Mo., in the persons of a man eight feet and six inches in height, with a twelve year old daughter already nearly seven feet high. They claim this enormous stature on authentic basis, being to prove to have none else.

A gentleman addressing a passionate love-letter to a lady in the same town, added this curious postscript: "Please to send a speedy answer, as I have somebody else in my eye."

The New Orleans Times suggests that Darwin's new theory should be re-named "The Monkey Wrench."

The father of all corn—Pop corn.

The Pacific mail—Quiet husband.

In late wedding toasts, oleomastic, white lilies, white lilies, and lilies of the valley have been used, as well as orange blossoms.

ART DOGMA.—An artist's wife never admires her husband's work so much as when he is drawing her a check.

"Owing to the peculiar arrangement of the programme, no piece can be repeated," was the answer White received from his landlady upon asking for a second piece of pie at supper.

Offshoots has written another opera bouffe called the "Butterflies." Critics say that he is evidently only working for his grub.

The new bug exterminator unfortunately has no effect on humbugs.

Pearls, moais, and cameo jewelry are now all the rage.

Doublets the reason why the Jews caught their fish mostly by nets was because Moses expressly stated to them before they crossed the Jordan, that they could not have any Mosquitoes there.

A correspondent of the Tuscaloosa Observer, giving excuses for his bad writing, says: "I have just come in from splitting rails for dinner." Rather tough fare, we should judge.

A lady who had a great horror of tobacco, got into a railway carriage the other day, and inquired of a male neighbor, "Do you chew tobacco, sir?" "No, madam, I don't," was the reply; "but I can get you a chew, if you want one."

The other day one of the "High Jinks," as the English Commissioners are irreverently called by the Washington Capital, said to a pretty girl: "Where are all your handsome men? The ladies are all very well, but 'pon my soul, you know, I haven't seen a handsome man since I've been here." "Ah," said the young lady, sweetly, "but you have handsome men in England, I presume?" "Oh, yes, of course, plenty of them!" "Then, why," she asked, "did not the Queen send one here?"

To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part.

Make up life's tale to many a feeling heart.

Scioto (Ohio) Gazette is chronicling the death of a young man, longingly saying he was optimistic, plump, a true Christian and the best base-ball "short-stop" in that section.

A student at Yale started the class at recitation the other day. "What state never act?" asked the Professor, when "Roosters!" was his prompt reply.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—8000 bbls sold at from \$2.25 to \$2.50 for superfine; \$2.75 for extra; \$3.00 to \$3.25 for North-west extra family; \$3.50 to \$3.75 for Penna extra family; \$4.00 to \$4.25 for Indiana and Ohio family; and \$4.50 to \$4.75 for fancy brands. My forecast at \$4.87 to \$5.00.

WHEAT—Wheat—No. 1, 1000 bbls sold at \$1.00 to \$1.10 for Indiana red; \$1.15 to \$1.25 for Ohio red; \$1.30 to \$1.40 for Penna red; \$1.45 to \$1.55 for Western amber. Hops—Hops of 1000 bbls at \$1.00 to \$1.10 for Penna. Corn—Sales of 100,000 bbls at \$1.10 to \$1.20 for mixed; \$1.25 to \$1.35 for white. Oats—Oats—Sales of 100,000 bbls at \$1.00 to \$1.10 for mixed; \$1.15 to \$1.25 for white.

PRIME MEATS—Prime meats—Sales of 100,000 bbls at \$1.00 to \$1.10 for mixed; \$1.15 to \$1.25 for white. Extra prime at \$1.40. Mutton—Mutton—Sales of 100,000 bbls at \$1.00 to \$1.10 for mixed; \$1.15 to \$1.25 for white. Extra prime at \$1.40. Mutton—Mutton—Sales of 100,000 bbls at \$1.00 to \$1.10 for mixed; \$1.15 to \$1.25 for white. Extra prime at \$1.40.

COTTON—Cotton—Sales of 100,000 bbls at \$1.00 to \$1.10 for mixed; \$1.15 to \$1.25 for white. Extra prime at \$1.40. Mutton—Mutton—Sales of 100,000 bbls at \$1.00 to \$1.10 for mixed; \$1.15 to \$1.25 for white. Extra prime at \$1.40.

IRON—Iron—Sales of 100,000 bbls at \$1.00 to \$1.10 for mixed; \$1.15 to \$1.25 for white. Extra prime at \$1.40. Mutton—Mutton—Sales of 100,000 bbls at \$1.00 to \$1.10 for mixed; \$1.15 to \$1.25 for white. Extra prime at \$1.40.

COAL—Coal—Sales of 100,000 bbls at \$1.00 to \$1.10 for mixed; \$1.15 to \$1.25 for white. Extra prime at \$1.40. Mutton—Mutton—Sales of 100,000 bbls at \$1.00 to \$1.10 for mixed; \$1.15 to \$1.25 for white. Extra prime at \$1.40.

DISSEMINATION AND LATE STORIES.—After the total night comes the miserable next morning, with its ben-ache, its qualms, its gloom, reflections. Business must be attended to; but neither mind nor body is fit for business. What is to be done? How are the energies of the system to be worked up, and its reserves of vitality brought out? How is the clouded brain to be cleared?—the languid and relaxed frame braced up for action? Under such circumstances, a single winged angel of PLANTATION Bitters will bring about an immediate and beneficial change, and a healthful glow will be diffused through the whole organism by the tonic operation of this wholesome cord.

SEA MONS FARMING, and from Pure Iron Moss, is considered by all who have used it to be a most delightful, healthful and economical food.

A gentleman who has lived for many years in sight of the ocean says it is an undeniable fact that the vicinity of the Cal-says makes a hilly location chilly.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. Radway's Ready Relief is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays inflammation, and cures Constipation, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatism, Bad colds, Indigestion, Trapped Nerves, Headache, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 25 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S
PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Disorders, Headache, Constipation, Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Disorders of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY, & CO.,
37 Maiden Lane, New York

CUPREUSO'S BATH REMOVED
From the body in 20 minutes without injury to the skin. By Dr. J. C. Cupreus, of Philadelphia. Sent by mail for \$1.00 by Dr. J. C. Cupreus, of Philadelphia. Sent by mail for \$1.00 by Dr. J. C. Cupreus, of Philadelphia.

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE.
Believes the most violent paroxysms in 20 minutes and effects a speedy cure. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail for \$1.00 by Dr. J. C. Uphem, of Philadelphia. Sent by mail for \$1.00 by Dr. J. C. Uphem, of Philadelphia.

A Chapter of Facts.

Space is valuable in a newspaper, and it is therefore proposed in this advertisement to condense a variety of facts, important to the public, into a small compass. These facts refer to HOBART'S STOMACH BITTERS—what that celebrated medicine is, and what it will do. In the first place, then, the article is a stimulant, tonic and alterative, consisting of a combination of an absolutely pure spirituous agent with the most valuable medicinal vegetable substances that Botanic research has placed at the disposal of the chemist and the physician. These ingredients are compounded with great care, and in such proportions as to produce a preparation which invigorates without exciting the general system, and tones, regulates and controls the stomach, the bowels, the liver, and the minor sensitive organs.

What this great restorative will do must be gathered from what it has done. The case of dyspepsia, or any other form of indigestion, in which it has been persistently administered without effect, a radical cure, is yet to be heard from and the same may be said of bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affection, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental disabilities to which the food is so subject. It purifies all the fluids of the body, in fact, the blood, and the result is a healthy, robust, and the nervous system is not excited by the slightest reaction. This is a chapter of facts which readers, for their own sakes, should mark and remember.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HOBART'S STOMACH BITTERS to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent by mail, free of postage. Address: DR. J. H. HANCOCK, 109 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—each box, \$1; two, \$2; twelve, \$12. Sent by mail.

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

500,000 PEOPLE are cured by DR. J. M. LIND'S "CATHARTIC" PILLS.

INGRAM'S—The best family medicine in the world for internal and external use. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. J. M. LIND & SONS, Proprietors, 219 Broadway, (Knox's Building) N. Y.

Please send for Circular. Established 1857.

FOR MOIST PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, use FRANK'S MOIST AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. F. C. FRANK, 40 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

DR. J. S. FITCH

sends his "Family Physician," 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your directions to Dr. J. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York.

Huggins' Magnolia Balm will make a lady of 25 look as if she were but 18. It gives the complexion a lively, pearl-like appearance, exceedingly beautiful, and perfectly natural. It removes Pimples, Scabs, Moth-patches, Ringworms, Itchiness, &c., and in a very few weeks changes the rattle face into one of culture and refinement. Any lady who wishes to be pleased with herself and to please others will certainly use this article. Then, cross your hair with Lynch's Celebrated Hair Dressing, and the two attractions—the complexion and the hair—will be perfect. The Kailashan oil makes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out and turning gray, and is the best hair dressing in the world. All Druggists keep these articles.

interesting to Ladies.

I have a Greiner & Baker Elastic Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine which has been in constant use for eleven years. It has done every variety of sewing for a large family, besides some sewing outside. It has not cost me one cent for repairs during that period of time. I think it decidedly the best machine in use.

Mar. M. E. LORP,
Lexington, Ky.

Those who Desire a Brilliance of Complexion

should beware of cheap patent Pills, or other Cathartics on having Calomel and Mercury. Use Nature's Remedy, HALL'S FLEET PURGATIVE PILLS, and HALL'S CATHARTIC PILLS. Compound of—Fruit Extract, Eucalyptus and Fruit Extract, Grape Juice, For Liver complaints, jaundice, bilious affections, Dyspepsia, Sick or Nervous Headache, Constipation, &c., the Pills are unequalled.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Are we moved by an unseen hand?"—Trenck.

You are free! Go, faithless,
I hold the open door,
And bid you never enter,
To darken this room more.

I bid you take this symbol,
This empty little ring,
I'm sorry now for ever
Having passed the silly thing.

My love for you is over,
Is dead and buried low;
The unreal glimmer falters,
I'm saved a world of woe.

From out the filmy draping,
There comes a subtle gleam,
That tells of hidden dangers,
We women little dream.

Don't think me tender-hearted!
You pass from out my life
More truly than if never
I'd been your promised wife.

Wonderful Escapes.

No. 4.

Baron Trenck.—(Continued.)

"I worked through the iron, eighteen inches long, by which the table was fastened, and broke off the clinchings of the nail, but preserved their heads, that I might put them again in their place, that all might appear secure to my weekly visitors. This procured me time to raise up the brick floor, under which I found earth. My first attempt was to work a hole through the wall, seven feet thick behind, and I succeeded by the table. The first layer was of brick; I afterwards came to large heavy stones. I endeavored accurately to number and remember the bricks, both of the flooring and the wall, so that I might replace them, that all might appear safe. This having been accomplished, I awaited the day of visitation. All was carefully preserved, and the intervening winter as carefully preserved. The cell had probably been whitewashed a hundred times, and that I might fill up all remaining interstices, I pounded the white stuff from the walls, waited it over, that the color might be uniform, and afterwards stripped myself, and sat, with my naked body against the place, the heat of which it was dried.

"While laboring, I placed the stones and bricks upon my bedstead; and had they taken the precaution to come at any other time of the week, the stated Wednesday excepted, I had inevitably been discovered; but as no such ill accident befell me, in six months my Herculean labors gave me a prospect of success.

"Means were to be found to remove the rubbish from my prison, all of which, in so thick a wall, was impossible to replace. Muck and stone could not be removed. I therefore took the earth, scattered it about my chamber, and ground it under my feet the whole day, till I had reduced it to dust, which I strewed in the aperture of my window, making use of the loosened table to stand upon. I tied splinters from my bedstead together, with the raveled yarn of an old stocking, and to this I affixed a tuft of my hair. I worked a large hole under the middle gating, which could not be seen by any one standing on the ground, and through this I pushed my dust with the tool I had prepared in the outer window, then waiting till the wind rose, during the night I thrust it away. It was blown off, and no appearance remained on the outside.

"By this single expedient, I rid myself of at least three hundred weight of earth, and thus made room to continue my labors; yet this being still insufficient, I had recourse to many other artifices, among them that of kneading up the earth into lumps, which, and when the sentinel's back was turned, I blew through a paper tube out of the window. Into the empty space I put my mortar and stone, and worked on successfully.

"I cannot, however, describe my difficulties after having penetrated about two feet into the bowels of stone. My tools were the iron I had dug out, which fastened my bedstead and table. A companionate soldier also gave me an old iron rafter, and a soldier's sheath knife, which did me excellent service, more especially the latter, as I shall presently more fully show. With the knife I cut splinters from my bedstead, which aided me to pick the mortar from the interstices of the walls, yet the labor of penetrating through this seven-foot wall was insupportable. The building was ancient, and the mortar occasionally quite petrified, so that the whole stone was obliged to be reduced to dust. After continuing my work unremittingly for six months, I at length approached the accomplishment of my hopes, as I knew by coming to the facing of brick which alone remained between me and the adjoining casemate.

"Meanwhile, I found opportunity to speak to some of the sentinels, among whom was an old grenadier, called O. G. Frantz, whom I here named because his disreputable qualities of the greatest and most subtle knave. From him I learned the precise situation of my prison, and every circumstance that might be of conduce to my escape.

"Nothing was wanting but money to buy a boat, so crossing the Elbe with O. G. Frantz, I might take refuge in Saxony. By O. G. Frantz's means I became acquainted with a kind-hearted girl, a Jewess, and a native of Dessau, her husband by name, whose father had been ten years in prison. This good, compassionate maiden, whom I had never seen, won over two grenadiers, who gave her an opportunity of speaking to me every time they stood sentinel. By tying my splinters together, I made a stick long enough to reach beyond the palisades that were before my window, and thus obtained paper, another knife, and a file.

"I now wrote to my sister, the wife of the before-mentioned only son of General Waidow, describing my awful situation, and entreated her to remit three hundred rix-dollars to the Jewess, hoping by this means I might escape from my prison. I then wrote another affecting letter to Count Pacha, the Austrian ambassador at Berlin, in which was enclosed a draft for a thousand florins on my effects at Vienna, desiring him to remit them to the Jewess, having promised her that sum as a reward for her fidelity. She was to bring the three hundred rix-dollars my sister should send me, and take recourse with the grenadiers to facilitate my flight, which nothing seemed

able to prevent; I having the power either to break into the casemate, or, aided by the grenadiers and the Jewess, to cut the locks from the doors and that way escape my dungeon. The letters were open, I being obliged to roll them round the stick to convey them to Esther.

"The faithful girl diligently proceeded to Berlin, where she arrived safely, and immediately spoke to Count Pacha. The count gave her the hidden reception, received the letter, with the letter of exchange, and bade her go and speak to Wengarten, the secretary of the embassy, and act entirely as he should direct. She was received by Wengarten in the most friendly manner, and he, by his questions, drew from her the whole secret, our intended plan of flight, and the names of the two grenadiers who were to aid us. She told him also that she had a letter for my sister, which she must carry to Hammer, near Coblenz.

"He asked to see this letter, read it, told her to proceed on her journey, gave her two ducats to bear her expenses, and ordered her to come to him on her return; adding that during this interval he would endeavor to obtain the thousand florins for my draft, and would then give her further instructions.

"Either cheerfully departed for Hammer, where my sister, then a widow, and no longer, as in 1746, in dread of her husband, immediately gave her a letter to me, with three hundred rix-dollars, exhorting her to exert every possible means to obtain my deliverance. Having prospered so far, Esther hastened back to Berlin, with the letter from my sister, and told Wengarten all that passed, whom she allowed to read the letter. He told her the two thousand florins from Vienna were not yet come, but gave her twelve ducats, bade her hasten to Magdeburg, to carry me all this good news, and then return to Berlin, where he would pay her the thousand florins. Esther came to Magdeburg, went immediately to the hotel, and most luckily met the wife of one of the grenadiers, who told her that her husband and his comrades had been taken and put in prison the day before. Esther's quickness of perception told her that we had been betrayed; she, therefore, instantly again began her travels, and happily came safe to Dessau.

"One of the grenadiers was hung, the other cruelly tortured. Trenck's sister was condemned to pay a heavy fine, and the expenses of building a new cell for her brother. Trenck did not know at first what had happened, but he was soon informed of it by O. G. Frantz, who told him that his new prison would be finished in a month. Frantz, who had come to Magdeburg to hold a review, himself designed the chains for the limbs of his victim. Meanwhile Trenck was still in hopes of regaining his liberty. As yet nothing had been discovered of his subterranean operations. His preparations were at length finished, and he was getting ready to fly during the night, when suddenly the doors were opened; he was seized, and bound hand and foot; a bandage was placed over his eyes, and he was dragged away to his new cell. His feelings are best described in his own words:

"The bandage was taken from my eyes. The dungeon was lighted by a few torches. Great I cared! what would I under my feet? I beheld the floor covered with chains, a fire pan, and two grim men standing with their smith's hammers.

"These engines of despotism went to work at once: enormous chains were fixed to my ankles at one end, and at the other to a ring which was fixed in the wall. This ring was three feet from the ground, and only allowed me to move about two or three feet to the right and left. They next riveted another huge iron ring of a hand's breadth round my naked body, to which, hung a chain fixed into an iron bar as thick as a man's arm. This bar was two feet in length, and at each end of it was a handcuff. The iron collar round my neck was not added till the year 1756.

"No soul bade me good-night. All retired in dreadful silence, and I heard the horrible grating of four doors that were successively locked and bolted upon me.

"Thus does man act by his fellow, knowing him to be innocent, in blind obedience to the commands of autocrat and man.

"Oh, God! Thus alone knowest how my heart, void as it was of guilt, beat at this moment. There I sat, dumb, alone, in thick darkness, upon the bare earth, with a weight of fetters insupportable to nature, thanking God that these cruel men had not discovered my knife by which my miseries might yet find an end. Death is a last certain refuge that can indeed bid defiance to the rage of tyranny. What shall I say. How shall I make the reader feel as I then felt? How describe my despondency, and yet account for that latent impulse that withheld my hand on this fatal, this miserable night?

"The misery I foresaw was not of short duration. I had heard of the wars that were lately broken out between Austria and Prussia. To patiently wait their termination, and all sufferings and wretchedness such as mine, appeared impossible, and freedom even then was doubtful. But experience had I had of Vienna, and well I knew that those who had despoiled me of my property would most anxiously endeavor to prevent my return. Such were my meditations, such my night thoughts. Day at length returned, but where was its splendor? I beheld it not, yet its glimmering obscurity was sufficient to show me my dungeon.

"In breadth, the cell was about eight feet; in length, ten. Near me stood a table; in a corner was a seat four brick broad, on which I might sit and recline against the wall opposite to the ring to which I was fastened; the light was admitted through a semicircular aperture one foot high, and two in diameter. This aperture was closed to the center of the wall, which was six feet thick, and at this central part was a close iron grating from which outward the aperture descended, having its two extremities again closely secured by strong iron bars. My dungeon was built in the ditch of the fortification, and the aperture by which the light entered was so covered by the wall of the rampart, that instead of finding immediate passage, the light only gained admission by reflection. This, considering the smallness of the aperture and the impediments of grating and iron bars, made the obscurity very great, yet my eyes in time became so accustomed to this gloom, that I could see a mouse run. In winter, however, when the sun did not shine into the ditch, it was dense night with me. Between the bars and the grating was a glass window, most curiously formed with a small central pane, which might be opened to admit the air. The name of Trenck was built in the wall in red brick, and under my feet was a

tombstone with the name of Trenck also cut on it, and carved with a death's head. The doors to my dungeon were a double, of oak, two inches thick; without, there was an open space in front of the cell, in which was a window. And this space was likewise shut in by double doors. The ditch in which this dreadful den was built was enclosed on both sides by palisades twelve feet high, the key of the gate of which was entrusted to the officer of the guard, it being the king's intention to prevent all possibility of speech or communication with the outside. The only means I had the power to make was that of jumping upward, or swinging my arms to procure myself warmth. When more accustomed to the fetters, I became capable of moving from side to side about four feet, but this pained my shin-bones.

"The cell had been finished with lime and plaster but eleven days, and everybody supposed it impossible I should exist above a fortnight after breathing the damp air. I remained six months, continually drenched with very cold water, that trickled upon me from the thick ceiling above; and I can safely affirm that for the first three months I was never dry, yet I continued in health. I was visited daily at noon, after the relieving of guard, and the doors were then closed; to let open for some minutes, otherwise the dampness of the air put out my wretched candles.

"This was my situation. And here I met, denizens of friends, helplessly watched, preyed on by all the tortures of an imagination that continually suggested the most gloomy, the most horrid, the most dreadful of images. My heart was not yet wholly turned to stone; my fortitude was reduced to despondency; yet was my arm restrained, and this extreme of misery endured.

"How, then, may hope be wholly eradicated from the heart of man? My fortitude, after some time, began to revive. I glowed with the desire of convincing the world I was capable of suffering what man had never suffered before, perhaps, at least, emerging from beneath this load of wretchedness triumphant over my enemies. So long and ardently did my fancy dwell on this picture that my mind at length acquired a habit which bore me through all my sufferings; for the monstrous bolts and bars moved with difficulty, and the noise of their removal would be reckoning for a good half hour through the vaults of the prison.

"But at length a camp bed, mattress and blankets were brought me, and beside it an ammunition box of six pounds' weight. 'Tis true you may no more complain of hunger,' said the town major, when the last was laid before me, 'you shall have as much bread as you can eat.' The door was shut, and I again left to my thoughts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Is the Interior of the Earth Solid or Fluid?

BY PROF. DAVID FORBES.

Although the doctrine that the earth is a molten sphere, surrounded by a thin crust of solid matter, was once almost universally taught by geologists, there have of late years been brought forward several arguments to the contrary, which, apparently, are more in favor of its being a solid, or nearly a solid mass throughout; and these arguments are fully entitled to our consideration, as our object is not to defend any particular theory, but to arrive, as nearly as we can, at the truth. I will, therefore, in the first place, proceed to summarize all which has been brought forward in opposition to the older hypothesis, and then to consider whether any other explanation yet advanced is more in accordance with the facts of the case.

First of all, we are to answer the question as to whether it is possible for such a thin crust to remain solid, and not at once to become melted up and absorbed into the much greater mass of molten matter beneath it. This latter would doubtless be the case, if the fluid mass had any means of keeping up its high temperature, independently of the amount of heat it actually possessed when it originally assumed the form of an igneous globe. The question, however, in reality, answers itself in the negative, since it is evident that no crust could even commence to form on the surface, unless the sphere itself was at the moment actually giving off more heat from its outer surface to the surrounding atmosphere, than it could supply from its more central parts, in order to keep the whole in a perfectly fluid condition; so that, when once such a crust, however thin, had formed upon the surface it is self-evident that it could not again become melted up or reabsorbed into the fluid mass below.

This external process of solidification due to refrigeration, would then continue going on from the outside inward, until a thickness of crust had been attained sufficient to arrest, or neutralize (owing to its bad conductivity of heat,) both the cooling action of the surrounding air, and the loss of more heat from the molten mass within; and thus a stage would soon be arrived at when both these actions would so counterbalance one another, that the further cooling down of the earth could be all but arrested; a condition ruling at the present time, since the earth's surface, at this moment, so far from receiving any, or more than a minute amount of heat from the interior, appears to depend entirely, as regards its temperature, upon the heat which it receives from the sun's rays.

We have next to consider the argument that, if the earth's exterior were in reality only such a thin covering, or crust, like the shell of an egg, to which it has often been likened, such a thickness would be altogether insufficient to give to it that stability which we know it to possess, and that, consequently, it could never sustain the enormous weight of its mountain ranges, such as, for example, the Himalayas of Asia, or the Andes of America, which are, as it were, masses of rock piled up high above its mean surface level.

At first sight, this style of reasoning not only appears plausible, but even seems to threaten to up-to the entire hypothesis altogether. It requires but little sober consideration, however, to prove that it is

rather, so to speak, sensational in character than actually founded on the facts of the case; for it is only requisite for us to be able to form in our minds some tangible idea of the relative proportion which the size of even the highest mountain bears to that of the entire globe itself, to convince us, if such a crust could once form and support itself, that it could with ease support the weight of the mountains also. The great Himalayan chain of mountains rises to a maximum altitude of thirty-one thousand eight hundred and sixty feet, or six miles above the level of the sea; and, if the earth could be seen reduced to scale down to the size of an orange, so all intents and purposes it would look like an almost smooth ball, since even the highest mountains and deepest valleys upon its surface would present to the eye no greater inequalities in outline than the little pimples and hollows on the outside of the skin of an ordinary orange. If this crust of the earth can support itself, it is not at all likely to be crushed in by the comparatively speaking, insignificant weight of our greatest mountain chains; for, in point of fact, it would be quite as unreasonable to maintain such a disposition, as to declare that the shell of a hen's egg would be crushed in by simply laying a piece of a similar egg-shell upon its outside.

Take a very thin spheroidal crust, or shell, enclosing a body of liquid matter, such as an ordinary fowl's egg, does possess in itself an enormous degree of stability and power to resist pressure from without, is easily demonstrated by merely loading a small portion of its surface with weights, as long as it does not give way under them. Even when placed on its side (or least strong position), it is found that a portion of the shell, only one quarter of an inch square, will sustain several pounds weight without showing any symptoms of either cracking or crushing; or, in other words, this simple experiment indicates that, if the external crust of the earth were but as thick and strong in proportion as an egg-shell, it would be fully capable of sustaining masses, equal in volume and weight to many Himalayas, piled up one atop of another, without any danger whatever to its stability.

THE FAIR ROSEBUD.

The golden evening breeze right through
My dark chamber windows twain;
Listen, all round me is only a grave,
Yet listen I ever again.
Will he come? I pluck the flower-leaves off,
And at each, cry, yes, no, yes.
I blow the down from the dry hawkweed,
Once, twice, hah! it flies away!
Oh the shower and the sunshine every day,
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay!

Hark! he comes! Yet his footstep sounds
As it sounded never before!
Perhaps he thinks to steal on me,
But I'll hide behind the door.
She ran, she stopped, stood still as stone—
It was Queen Eleanor—
And at once she felt what sudden death
The hungering heart-brown bore!
Oh! she leaves, brown, yellow and red,
Still fall—
Fall and fall over churchyard and hall!

Wonderful Sagacity of a Dog.

The following story, strange as it may appear, is vouched by several witnesses whose testimony is unimpeachable. A short time ago a female Newfoundland dog was in the habit of coming to the house of a lady in this city who would throw to it pieces of cold meat, which the dog would eat, and, having satisfied its hunger, go away again. So accustomed did this habit become that, at a certain hour daily, the lady would expect the dog, and the animal would return in an apparent. A few days ago, before feeding her, the lady said to her, "Why don't you bring me one of your puppies?" repeating the question several times as she stood at the window, the dog looking her in the face with an expression of intelligence as if it understood every word the lady said. The next day, to the lady's astonishment, at the usual hour, the dog returned, and, lo and behold! was accompanied by a little puppy. The lady fed both dogs and then took up the puppy into her arms, when the old dog, having licked it, and did not return for three days. At the end of that time the dog again appeared, when, after feeding it, the lady said: "Next time bring all your puppies; I want to see them." And yesterday morning, sure enough, the dog returned, accompanied by three Newfoundland pups. Several of the neighbors saw the whole transaction, and declared that they considered this one of the most wonderful proofs of the sagacity of the dog they have ever known. Where the dog came from, and to whom it belongs is not known; but we have the name of the lady and also of those who were eye-witnesses to the occurrences as narrated by us.—Portland Press.

Why a Clergyman Dyed His Hair.
A clergyman in Massachusetts, who has seen his two score and ten, was complimented on his hale and youthful looks the other day. Smiling, he touched his handsome brown hair, and replied—
"You know these have a way of helping old men a little these days."

"What!" said his friend, "have you been coloring your hair?"
"Yes," replied he; "I have been doing what I once thought nothing would induce me to do. I have been turning my gray hair brown—and I will tell you how I was brought to it. After leaving my position as a minister, I proposed to go back into the ministry and become a parish minister. Accordingly, as I had opportunity, I preached to some few desolate churches, and was gratified to hear at the conclusion of my services that the people were well pleased with my preaching, and but for my gray hair would gladly have me for a pastor; but they could not think of so old a man. Well, while I was going through this experience, an old friend suggested to me to color my hair, and thus remove from the eyes of the people the reproach of being an old man. And I consented, finally, to make this experiment. And what do you think? The very first time that I preached with brown hair upon my head, I was greeted with a call to settle in the ministry, and have ever since been the happy pastor of a united and apparently perfectly satisfied people."

So much for the color of one's hair—so much in proof that looks are something, after all, notwithstanding the old proverb that looks are nothing and behavior is all.

☞ The new style of ladies' hats are very beautiful. They resemble a pen-wiper with a fringe, and are quite becoming.

JOHN.

I stand behind his elbow chair,
My soft head leans upon his hair—
His white silver is dearer to me
Than all the gold of earth could be;
And my eyes of brown
Look tenderly down
On John, my John.

The freckled leaps and laughs and wags—
Wags his tail in his rusty arms—
John, as he sits in the hearth-glow red,
He with my hands on his dear old head—
Reclining so both
L'ke a ring of truth,
Me and my John.

His form has lost its early grace,
Wrinkles rest on his kindly face;
His brow no longer is smooth and fair,
For time has left its autograph there;
But a noble pride, in my loving eyes,
Is John, my John.

"My love," he says, and lifts his hands,
Brought by the rust of other lands,
In tender sleep on mine to lay—
"How long ago was our wedding day?"
I smile through my tears,
And say, "Years and years,
My John, dear John."

We say no more—the freckled glow;
Both of us know, on what—who knows?
My hands drop down in a mute arena—
Each throb of my heart is a wish to bless
With my wife's best worth
The heart and the hearth
Of John, my John.

THORA.

A SEA-SHORE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELLA WHEELER.

"Thora, the fairest of women," brushed out her brown-brown hair and threaded it through and through with her supple fingers, until it flowed over her shoulders and down her back like a gilded banner.

Then she prepped in the little broken mirror to see if her simple toilet was complete, and smiled at the bright image reflected. Such a dazzling, bewitching, auring image it was, despite the plain print robe, girded at the waist, with only a bit of white at wrist and neck, and a spray of green seaweed twisted in the dusky hair.

The plainest and the poorest of apparel could not dim the lustre of these wonderful, fathomless eyes, could not steal the lustrous color from those rime, sweet lips, or alter the marble beauty of the whole exquisite face. The lovely gilded robe only seemed to display the grace of her rounded figure more fully; and Ensign Eugene herself, in all her gorgeous apparel, never moved with more quietly grace, never was one half as lovely as Thora McNeil, the fisherman's daughter, as she tripped down the rickety stairs into the wide, sunny kitchen of the cottage by the sea.

So thought Sid Reene, sitting in the door, with a basket of fish at his side. Great, upward, big-headed, dull-brained Sid Reene, who loved darning Thora McNeil with the first and best love of his honest heart. He was a well-to-do young fisherman, owned a house and a share in a fishing schooner, and was considered a very good match by those sea-faring people; and many an old dame shook her head and declared him a fool to go making love to that white-faced, lightly McNeil girl, who was not half good enough for him, while scores of steady girls, who would make the best of wives, were biding their time in their hands and all but asking him to take them.

But the other girls might gossip and the maidens might whisper, and all to no purpose. Sid Reene's heart was not to be so easily shaken from its allegiance. It was bound and fettered by the brown-brown strands of Thora McNeil's hair, and he could not get it free.

And so one day he came up close to her side there by the sea and blurted out his love for her, and asked her to be his wife in his own way, his own way.

Not even a wave of color came into Thora's marble cheek. A little from contracted her brow. Sid had grammar always annoyed her, and to-night (t) jarred upon her strangely. She was not surprised at his proposal; she had expected it some time, for she knew he loved her. Did she love him? She asked the question of her heart, as she stood there leaning on the gate. She thought she did. She knew of no one she liked better. She remembered her father's words one day, "Sid Reene is a fine, honest young man, Thora. He will make some woman a good husband." She thought her father favored his suit—she supposed she must marry, like other girls, some time, and so she answered Sid, after a few moments' silence, "Yes, I think I do love you, Sid, and I will marry you."

Just then a carriage dashed down the street, drawn by two spirited grays. An elderly man held the reins, and a young man sat at his side—a young man and a stranger, who turned his handsome and refined face upon Thora as they whirled by, and looked her full in the eyes. It was but a second, yet Thora flushed clear to the temples, and her heart thrilled with a strange and novel sensation.

Sid's voice broke the spell.
"Lots of big bags come" round these 'ere parts now days," he said. "This 'ere little place is gettin' to be quite a fashionable waterin' resort for nobbys. There's a whole lot of boarders at Widow Simmons', and some at Father Greenway's."

"Indeed!" Thora said, lifting up her eyes in surprise. "I have heard nothing of it."
"Oh yes, this 'ere fellow that just rode by, bein' down at Widow Simmons'. He's a lawyer or something from the city. They're all nobbys an' rich folks."

Then Sid fell to talking about their future, pleading for an early marriage, but Thora did not want to talk about it.

"Arrange it all with father," she said, turning toward the house, and leaving him alone in the twilight.
Sid heaved a sigh as he walked toward home.
"See's so strange like," he said to himself. "I can't understand her, but I 'pose it's all right. She's one o' them so different from all the folks I know."
And well Sid might think so. She was different from those fisher people.
"Strange and romantic-like," the neighbors called her and her father.
"They are sort o' odd and strange," with a shake of the head.

yearning, longing, struggling, panting
 rose, that she had never felt before, an-
 swered to the call "O, that I had wings like
 doves, for then I would fly away and be at
 rest!"

CHAPTER IV.
ENDING.

Into her vision of the night state the vision of the day; and in her waking dream on the morrow it found a place.

"Had it been real?"

She started up and half opened her eyes, then closed them again, hoping the dream was not quite over. But it would not come again.

It was early—too early to rise; and yet she could sleep no more. She threw a thick sheet around her, and drawing up the blind, looked out on the landscape before her.

The long line of hills stretching northward looked gray and cold in the dawning; for the sun was yet behind them, and but not toward her golden rays to glid the dappled overcast bursting into blossom. The dew was thick upon the grass, almost like a white frost, and the sky was of a leaden blue. All was still, very still; beautiful, but cold; asleep—nay, even dead—"at rest."

The words came to her like a living voice—"At rest!"

But as her eye wandered over the sleeping earth, she felt that it was not a "dead rest" that she wanted, that she had panted for. It was a living rest—fresh and eternal, firm and immovable.

She shook back the yellow hair that flowed over her shoulders like a veil of unguessed, all flow and tangle. She leaned her elbows on the window-sill; and her dark eyes grew darker still as she gazed steadily northward. She shivered slightly, for the morning was chill, despite its May promise; and the hawthorn bloom was like snow upon the hedge, that helped to carry out the illusion of a frost with the peony dew.

She went on musing—

"The dove would not be on the wing until the sun rose."

Where should she find the "living rest?" Undine, by her native river, longed not more earnestly for a soul than Diana did to know and comprehend her, and the workings in it that had newly sprung to life. Had it been dormant so long, or had it but just sprung into being? Was she not a being before this strange, new power that was filling her being—half pain, half joy, half fear?

The feeling did not leave her through the day, and she wandered out into the woods that lay about the house, up to the pine grove, which was her favorite retreat. A little torrent dashed down through the pines, and joined the stream below. Where the tiny tributary joined the broader stream a narrow foot-bridge crossed to the main stream, whence a long avenue of elms led to one entrance to the churchyard, up to the high-gate. Did Diana think of it as she passed through? Was the slight shudder caused by the sudden breeze that sprang up, or was it an involuntary emotion of the soul?

The tones of the organ sounded from the church. She did not recognize the figure, which was evidently new to the player, since he played it as though he were reading it for the first time. Nevertheless, it was very beautiful.

Diana pursued her way up the organ-loft stairs. The passage was dark, and when she emerged from it, the light dazzled her.

"Ah, maestro!" she said, gliding up to the organ, "what lovely thing is that? I have not heard it before."

The player, thus apostrophized, turned round; and her eyes recovering their power of sight, she started for the face that she had seen in the rectory pew the day before was looking upon her.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I—"

And then she paused, half meditating a retreat; but curiosity prevailed, and she did not move.

The stranger was equally surprised by the appearance that presented itself. A young, very slight girl, somewhat fantastically attired, with tawny yellow hair—part twisted up, and part falling in one thick tangled curl below her waist. Heavy gold rings were in her ears, and rows of amber beads, fastened with a gorgeous clasp, were coiled around her throat; and on her wrists glittered curious flat bracelets of Indian workmanship. There was a flash of blue and scarlet in her dress, with which the golden ornaments seemed in keeping, giving an Oriental character and coarseness of effect to her dress that the peacock's feather in her hat brilliantly carried out.

"Perhaps you were coming to play yourself?" said the stranger.

"No—only to listen."

"But not to my playing," he said; and his clear voice had an inexpressible charm in it. "You spoke of your *maestro*," he continued. "Is there any one in the village who deserves that title?"

"Oh, yes," replied Diana, enthusiastically. "My *maestro* is an Italian, who has lived at Brumstead for years and years—I don't know for how long. He is growing old now; but he knows all the music in the world, and plays divinely, and never makes mistakes. I might have known he was not playing to-day, if I had thought about it."

The stranger smiled, and Diana was a little confused.

"I did not mean to say," she added, "that you played badly."

"No—the truth came out accidentally. I don't play easily at all."

"And he does. It is wonderful. And then his voluntarie—his *fantasia*, he calls them—they are superb."

"Yes, I heard one in church yesterday."

"Yes," nodded Diana; "I saw you there, in the rectory pew."

And her thoughts of retreating having quite vanished, she seated herself on a low bench, as she was accustomed to do when she went up to watch the organ playing.

There was something in the stranger's manner that inspired her with confidence; and, besides, she was filled with curiosity, and had always been accustomed to do just as she pleased, and to be attended to, according to the whim of the moment, by those with whom she came in contact. Even Jasper had given way to this impetuosity, especially during his last visit at home.

"I did not see you," answered her companion.

"No—you were listening to the sermon. I was wondering what you were thinking of, and what you were."

"My name is John Carteret, and I am staying at the rectory. I have come for a few months to read with Dr. Crawford."

"How very dreadful," said Diana. "I am very sorry for you."

"Why?" asked Mr. Carteret, half amused.

"Because I hate Dr. Crawford."

The words were spoken coquetically, and her eyes flashed so sweetly, and her lip curled so playfully.

"Hate is a strong word," answered John

Carteret, quietly. "Perhaps do not hate with-out a strong reason, and perhaps no reason is strong enough."

Diana caught the tone of reproach, and it annoyed her; there she became defiant.

"Christians, you intended to say, I suppose," she said, with some bitterness; "but I'm not a Christian, and you won't find many about here. Perhaps the signor is as near one as there is, and he wouldn't come to church if he didn't play on the organ. His sister never comes, and she's none the worse for it. I go every Sunday, and I want to be away all the time; and I never feel so wicked as I do in church. But you will not see the signor and his sister, if you're staying at the rectory; the rector looks down upon them, and so do the people round. They are never asked to the Manor House, or anywhere else, unless the signor is wanted to play. I wouldn't accept the invitations—but he does; and I can see him shrinking, shrinking into the farthest corner. And then the rector preaches on humility, and I close my ears, and won't listen; and the church seems plain ground; and the stone leads over the pulpit and aisle more than ever, and I don't wonder at it. It's enough to make one wicked; and I want to get far, far away somewhere, only I don't know where."

And Diana, who had waxed wrathful in her passionate declamation, ended her speech in a sort of huff of despair.

Half-compassionately, half-wonderingly did John Carteret look down upon the slight, child-like figure, with the hands clasped, and the deep violet eyes gazing up from under the black fringe.

"Poor child!" he involuntarily ejaculated. "I am not a child," said Diana, drawing herself up to her full height. "I shall be eighteen in August."

She was half-indignant; and yet the compassionate tone had something in it that was not unpleasant—something restful and peace-inspiring.

"I ought to apologize for my words," replied her companion. "I am afraid they sounded impertinent."

"No—oh, no—I don't mind; only one does not like being thought quite a baby. Of course, you would not know me. I am Diana Ellis. I live at the Manor House, with Mrs. Weston and Jasper. Mrs. Weston is the grand lady of the place, and thinks a great deal of the rector. They do religion together; but I don't see that much good comes of it. Jasper is not a bit religious, and doesn't pretend to be. And I—I was born in India, and I half believe that I am a heathen. Sometimes I wonder if I have even a soul. Is there any one who could possibly be without a soul?" she asked, looking up eagerly.

"Undine wanted one, you know, and I think that it would be the greatest happiness to me if I could be sure that I had not got one. Would it not be a good thing if people had no souls?"

And she sighed wearily. Then, without waiting for an answer, she opened a music book containing one of Pergolesi's Masses.

"Do you know this?" she asked. "The signor loves Pergolesi. He plays this 'Agnus Dei' sometimes, when the people are coming into church. I will play it for you."

John Carteret moved away from the organ, and Diana sat down; but the notes were mute.

"Ah!" she said, "you've had Phil Ames to play, and he's gone to sleep: he always does if one leaves off for a minute. Phil! Phil!" she cried—"wake up, wake up!"

A mechanically obeying the well-known voice, Phil Ames opened his eyes, and began to blow as though he had never left off.

And though the rector toiled the sweet, solemn tones; and Diana forgot everything in the music before her. She played through the "Miserere," and then, pausing and springing up, she said:

"I can't play any more now. Is it not wonderful music?"

John Carteret did not answer. He had been altogether taken by surprise at the power and pathos of the girl's playing.

"Ah! you don't like it. I did not play it well."

"You played it wonderfully."

"Did I? I am glad of that." And she glanced scrutinizingly at John Carteret.

"I think you are truthful," she added meditatively.

"I hope so."

"Why do you say hope? You know whether you are or not."

"Do I? Do you suppose that people never flatter themselves?"

"Not in the matter of truth. That is an impossibility. It is the only thing I am sure about," answered Diana, as if in argument with herself.

"It is the first principle," said John Carteret; but he also appeared to be answering himself.

Diana had moved to go away. Then, as if a thought struck her, she turned and held out her hand to John Carteret.

"Thank you," she said.

And then she glided down the stairs, and through the church, out into the sunshine. And John Carteret was left alone, wondering where she had thanked him. He was a little bewildered, a little perplexed, a little pitying, and more than a little interested. Should he see her again?

And Diana moved homeward through the green pastures, nor did she think of her feet, nor the song of the birds. No; she heard not the rain drops beginning to fall from the great gray cloud that had hidden the face of the sun. Patter, patter, patter—they were dripping on the young leaves of the sycamores. She heard them now, but the shower would soon be over; and she waited under the deeper shade that overhung the green waters of the leaping torrent.

The rain was over. The sun was shining when Diana entered the rectory gates, and strolled peacefully up the chestnut avenue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The London Times says one American small-arms manufactory has a larger production than those of all England combined.

A gentleman of Halifax, being at a ladies' fair not long since, and being solicited to buy something by a fair creature who kept one of the tables, said he wanted to buy what he feared was not for sale—a lock of her hair. To his delight and surprise she promptly cut off the coveted curl and received the price offered—ten dollars.

The happy purchaser was exhibiting his trophy to one of his friends, who very suddenly blotted his joy by saying, "But rather out-dranked you, for, to my certain knowledge, she only paid three dollars for the whole wig."

An exchange mentions a case beyond the ordinary count. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a puppy, has a professor in her eye.

A WISH;
And What Came of It.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY C. K. ANDERSON.

"I hope that you will get shot!" cried Kate Arnold, running out on the veranda, and hastily shaking her black curls at a young man who was sauntering through the yard with a gun in his hand, and a dog bounding along before him.

"That is a very cruel wish," said he, casting an admiring glance at the young lady, "and I do not believe that you really wish it," he continued.

"Yes indeed I do," she replied quickly.

"May I inquire the reason that causes you to wish me such a terrible mishap?"

"Certainly," she said, laughing. "I have an enemy over your tower, but as to your getting an answer that is quite a different matter, and before he could reply, she ran into the house."

Kate Arnold and Tom Aston were the principal personages of a gay party of young people who had been spending the Summer at Merton Grove, and lingered, charmed by the beautiful and romantic scenery that surrounded them, till the bright October morning of which we speak. They had had a very pleasant time during the Summer months. The young gentlemen of the party had dressed in suits and straw hats, and fished to their hearts' content. While the young ladies went to the billiard room, and the forest in defiance of Mrs. Grundy till their cheeks glowed with the rosy hue of health. And then such dancing in the great hall every evening when old uncle Ned and his fiddle would be forthcoming.

Tom and Miss Arnold rode, walked and danced together, and were great friends. She thought him the handsomest and by far the most agreeable man of the party, and he thought her the dearest girl in the world.

The other ladies and gentlemen of the party had organized a committee of investigation, and held divers grave consultations upon the all-important question—whether Kate Arnold was in love with Tom Aston, or not with her, but could come to no decision on account of a diversity of opinion. The ladies inclined towards the former, and declared that Miss Arnold was dead in love with Tom, but he did not return her love; it was true he did pay her some attention, but the bold thing had forced herself upon him. For their parts they couldn't tell what the men fished about her; her hair was very coarse, her mouth too large, and her hands were very red, and they could completely told their own white hands to a conspicuous position, and proceeded with the pleasant task of enumerating her defects, and wind up by saying that he was not at all to blame. On the other hand the gentlemen were equally certain that Tom adored Miss Arnold, but she did not care a fig for him, and they were perfectly astounded at the presumption in supposing that she wanted a second thought on him when there were so many there that were greatly his superiors in nearly every respect.

"Kate, what do you intend wearing this evening? You know the Talmages give their long-talked-of ball to-night, and I want you to eclipse all competitors," said bustling little Mrs. Merton, trotting into her niece's room.

"Really I don't know, for I have not given the subject a thought," said Miss Arnold, listlessly turning the pages of the book that she had been reading when interrupted by her aunt. I had forgotten the ball. Let me examine my wardrobe, and see if I have anything that will do for the occasion. It is a great bore to be the belle of the season, and just to think that I shall have to ride five miles to this hateful ball to be stared at by a set of rascals."

"Come," said her aunt, placing her little fat arm around the young lady's waist, and drawing her from the room, "you will certainly have time to arrange those dresses, it is ten o'clock now."

Kate cast a longing glance at her book as she followed her aunt from the room to engage in a lengthy discussion upon the merits of this or that dress, from which she did not escape till late in the afternoon.

"Come and ride with me, Miss Kate," said George Chilton, as she was crossing the hall, having at last escaped from her aunt and that worrying topic, dress.

"Oh! that will be delightful! Are you going to drive to some beautiful bay?"

"Don't hurry too long; and be sure and return in time to dress for the ball," said Mrs. Merton, thrusting her head out of a door in the hall and interrupting before George could reply.

"Never fear, auntie!" said Kate, running off to get her hat and gloves.

"Where have you been hiding yourself all day?" inquired George, after they were seated in the buggy, and rolling along the smooth, graveled road that stretched out in front of the house like a brown ribbon.

"I have been preparing for the great Talmage ball that comes off to-night, and instead of taking all hearts by storm. Did you miss me very much?"

"Does the earth miss the genial rays of the sun when an envious cloud hides it from our view?" cried George, with a sudden fervor. "Do the flowers thirst for the gentle dew of Heaven? It is thus I miss you, darling, during your absence, and long for your love when you are present. You are the sun of my existence, the light of my world. If I can see you, I am contented and happy, and when you seem to be absent, all seems dark and dreary, and my heart puts out mourning! Will you let me be the sun of my life? Think well before you answer; for it is in your power to make me happy or miserable for life."

He was so agitated and so deeply engrossed that he had not noticed the cloud that settled over her brow as he spoke; but now that he had ceased, he perceived it—and so great was his confusion, he felt the involuntary stopped the horses.

"I am very, very sorry to give you pain, but I can never love your wife," she spoke very kindly, for his look of utter hopelessness went to her heart. "Why did you not choose some girl that could return your love and make your home happy? If I had known that you had ever given me more than a passing thought, I would have tried to prevent it; indeed I would."

When she commenced speaking, his face turned deathly pale, and he sat very quiet till she finished. Then he spoke in a husky, unnatural voice.

"I have but one question to ask, and that is, do you love another?"

Kate was angry with herself for blushing up to the temples at this question, and scarcely knowing what she was saying, she answered yes—and was astonished at her own boldness in acknowledging that she loved a man who had never given her the slightest reason to suppose he cared for her. It was true she had not revealed his name, but there was but one image in her heart, and the veil that had hitherto concealed it even from her own eyes, had been rudely torn away, and she made the astounding discovery that her heart was no longer in her own keeping, and she thought the face engraved there was as plain to the eyes of others as her own.

That one little word which she uttered had, as he believed, been the death-knell of all his hopes and aspirations; and feeling too much distressed for ordinary conversation, he drove on in silence.

The sun now shone through a beautiful forest that formed a part of the Merton Grove farm. On either side were groves of stately birch and maple; and the trees, once green, were now mantled in nature's gorgeous livery of crimson and gold. The calm that rested upon all nature and the sweet landscape spread out before him acted like a charm on the magnanimous heart of George, and turning to his faithful companion he said gently, "Kate, I hope that though we may not be lovers we can still be friends, and that you will forget everything save that I would die to serve you. Is it not so?"

"You shall be my brother, and I will be," she was interrupted by the loud report of a gun close by, followed by the prolonged howl of a dog.

"That was Tom's dog Carlo, Mr. Aston's I mean," stammered Kate, blushing and paling alternately. George checked his horses instantly. Again that quivering howl was borne along on the still evening air, followed by a faint cry for help. Kate hesitated no longer, but sprang from the buggy and sped in the direction of the cry, closely followed by George. She had gone but a few steps in the wood, when turning to avoid a small clump of bushes, she saw Tom sitting at the foot of a tree, with the blood streaming from his shoulder. "Oh Tom, what is the matter?" she said, bending over him, with the tears welling up in her eyes and her voice quivering with tenderness.

"Your wish has been fulfilled, I have shot myself," said he, gazing up at her.

"Oh Tom, pray forgive me," said Kate, crying. "I really didn't mean it; it was only in jest. Please say that you forgive me." And she looked eagerly in his face for some token of forgiveness, but there was none; for he had fainted from loss of blood.

"Oh, what shall I do?" said Kate, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly. "Why do you stand there?" she continued, turning fiercely on George, who had been an agitated witness of the whole scene. "Do you not see that he is dying?"

"And what will become of you if I go for assistance?" he inquired.

"I am not afraid, and I claim the promise that you made only a few minutes ago."

"And I will keep it," he answered, and the sound of his footsteps was soon lost in the distance, and in a few seconds she heard the rapid whir of his wheels as he drove off.

She then devoted herself to the resuscitation of Tom, who still lay in a death-like trance. He had begun to show some signs of returning consciousness, when she was applied by the sound of wheels that said was at hand; and on looking up, she saw George approaching with the old family carriage, and the anxious face of Mr. Merton peering from the window. The carriage was followed by a whole retinue of servants on foot. Restoratives were applied, and he was gently placed in the carriage, with his head resting in the lap of the blushing Kate. When they reached the house the doctor had arrived, and upon examining the wound he said that it was very dangerous, and would require attentive nursing.

"Where am I?" said Tom, opening his eyes one bright morning seven or eight days after the aforesaid accident.

"You are in bed, and have been there for a week, and if it had not been for the attentive nursing of a person that shall be named, I don't think you would have risen from it again," said the doctor, who was standing by the bedside.

"Ah, I remember all," said Tom with a shiver. "Have I been very sick?"

"You have been delirious ever since we found you in the woods with a certain young lady endeavoring to restore you, and as we are utterly in the dark as to how the accident happened, I think it is time you were enlightening us," replied the physician.

"That is very easily done in a few words. I sprang over a log that was lying in my path, when my gun fell, and the hammer striking the log the contents were lodged in my shoulder."

Owing to a strong constitution and excellent nursing he recovered very fast, and in a few more days was able to go down stairs with his arm in a sling, and looking very pale and interesting.

Too first to welcome him was Kate, and she was constituted a loyal keeper. None but she could arrange the pillow that his shoulder rested upon. He would take his medicine from no other hand than hers; and in fact because, as Mrs. Merton said, the worst-poiled boy that ever was, Kate-ange to say the young lady did not seem to reprove his tyranny; on the contrary she rather liked it.

One evening they were sitting before the bright wood fire that was dancing and sparkling up the chimney in the cozy little parlour of Merton House. Kate was seated on a low ottoman near the armchair in which Tom was reclining. She had been reading to him, but it had grown too dark, and the tired book, a volume of Tennyson, was lying on her lap; she had been reading the most beautiful of his poems, "The May Queen," and neither had spoken since she concluded.

"Tom," she said at length, "I don't think that you have ever told me that you forgave that cruel wish of mine. I wish you would do so, for it would make my conscience feel a great deal easier."

"I am very, but one condition upon which I will forgive you," he replied very gravely. "I am wounded in two places, one of them the strongest on each side, the other he cannot be healed. The only panacea for that, will you give it to me, my darling?" And he took the little hand in question between his own and pressed it very tenderly. "For heaven's sake don't be a second Alice, for the sake of Robin would kill me," he said hastily.

"Of the two alternatives," she answered, smiling and blushing. "I believe I prefer

living and marrying you to dying, and— but before she could say more he had clasped her in his arms and closed her lips with his own.

"But, Tom," she said, extricating herself from his embrace, "everybody will say that I forced you into marrying me."

"And have you not?" he said, laughing. "I think—a pretty little pink palm was placed over his mouth and prevented him from finishing his speech."

Reader you should have been at the grand wedding which took place at Merton Grove on Christmas eve. The whole country for miles around was invited, and one and all declared that a handsomer groom or lovelier bride never was seen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BEECHCROFT. By the author of "Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," &c., &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

NIGEL BARNHAM'S IDEAL. By FLORENCE WILFORD, author of "A Maid of our own Day," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

SIMON A LOVE STORY. By GEORGE SAND, author of "Consuelo," etc., etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE LOVING BELL OF LORD BATHAM. With Illustrations and Notes by GEORGE CRUICKSHANK. Published by G. W. Colston & Co., New York.

GUIDE TO WILLIAMS & PACKARD'S SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP. For Teachers and Adepts. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. A beautifully gotten-up volume, in which are given examples of penmanship from the simplest to the most artistic and completed hand. The art of flourishing can here be seen in its perfection.

LITTLE-BEECHCROFT. A Pike County View of Special Providence. By JOHN MAY. Illustrated by J. F. ENOEL. Published by J. B. Redfield, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

BASIL, OR, THE CROOKED PATH. By WILKIE COLLINS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE COUNTRY OF MONTE-CRISTO. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE AIR WE BREATHE: Being an Essay upon the sources of atmospheric impurities, principles of ventilation, most approved appliances for warming buildings, etc., etc. By W. H. CHURCHMAN, A. M. Published by the Indianapolis Printing House, Indianapolis, Ind.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE; OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. For June. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

ATLANTIC JOURNAL. Monthly Part for May. Mr. Fern's designs for his series "Picturesque America," are charming as ever, and "Morton House" is a novel of the first class. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. For June. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE TRANSLANTIC. For June. Published by L. R. Hamerley & Co., Philadelphia.

THE CANADIAN ENTOMOLOGIST. For April. Edited by Rev. C. J. S. Boshane, M. A. Published by the Free Press Steam Print, London.

ATLANTIC'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. For May. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

New Definitions.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

That old-fashioned gentleman, Noah Webster, is just a little behind the age; and, in view of his general revision in these reconstruction days, the following are offered as a few of the many corrections needed:

Benevolence.—Giving a beggar the old cost of which you cannot possibly make any other use.

End.—Something a "bore" never has.

Fame.—A bird that sings over a man's grave, after he has broken his neck trying to catch it.

Fashion.—A modern Juggernaut to which thousands of victims are immolated annually.

Friendship.—A suicidal faithfully serving you while the sun shines, but becoming a meaningless blank when clouds obscure your sky.

Generosity.—Buying your mother a paste diamond, every bit as large as your own real one.

Gold.—A god worshipped by the ancients, now merely a tradition.

Hate.—A very small snapping-turtle, which bites his owner whenever he says one word.

Hold.—A place where the chambermaid carries your keys, and the waiter gives you a cold buckwheat cake every time you displace him.

Importance.—Clerks in general, and especially hotel clerks.

Jalousy.—A homemade bagaboo.

Kin.—For people who could you gratuitously, and make you pay double for everything else they do for you.

Kiss.—A cigarette adopted by Judas Iscariot, and worn by traitors ever since.

Ogre.—The gentleman who smiles at the pretty miss, and slams the door when his wife reproves him for swearing before the children.

Partnership.—Keeping the purse to yourself, and telling your wife it is as much hers as yours.

Quarrel.—A conversation carried on between two or more persons who are determined.

Reputation.—The character which "they say" gives you.

Son.—A gay young blade, who sings "Who will care for mother ever more?" at his club-room; while his dear mamma, at home, splits the kindling for the morning fire.

Suicide.—Riding the world of a fool.

Trade.—A swap in which each man thinks he is cheating the other.

Undertaker.—A man who charges you double the worth of his services, because he knows you dare not ramble at the price, on pain of being called mean by your neighbors.

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Bargains! Bargains! Bargains!

"Such a bargain, love!" cried Mrs. Ponder, joyously, to her husband.

"A bargain?" Mr. Ponder was used to the word; he didn't like it; he had paid dearly for it; he was tired of paying for it. He had laid down his book, and asked, "What will you do with it?" "It" was a large, handsome wardrobe with looking-glass doors and extensive drawers and fittings.

"Do with it?" Oh, I can do fifty things with it," said the lady.

"But you probably will not do more than one; what will that be?" he asked.

She needed a moment, and suggested the best bed-room. Mr. Ponder remarked that it had a wardrobe.

"Yes, and so has ours, and so has the best room; but I could put this into the best room, and put the one there now into ours, and cure into your dressing-room," she remarked, thinking the last concession would win his heart to her bargain.

But the inexorable Mr. Ponder said he had a wardrobe now in his dressing-room which quite satisfied him. In vain the lady suggested various views in which her new purchase might be considered as a valuable investment, he simply replied to each of them that "it was not wanted."

"Well, really, to think of letting this slip out of one's fingers, at such a price! It could have been useful, quite useful, I consider," said the lady, who was too used to battle over her bargains to be easily daunted.

"Pardon me," replied her husband, "the waste lies in buying it. Intrinsically, it may be worth a hundred dollars, as you say; but since you don't want it, I maintain, instead of being worth the twenty-five you paid for it, it is not worth five cents to us."

"Depend on it, Mr. Ponder, it's absurdly cheap, and an immense bargain!" she cried, replying (like a woman), not to his statement, but to his opposition to her act and deed.

"My dear," he said, rummaging his book, "I repeat, the price may be low, but, not being wanted, it is worth nothing to us."

A little pouting, a little frowning, a few sighs, half thought, half spoken, signifying that "some people were very hard to please," "some people were very inconsistent," that "it was enough to deprive any one of spirit and energy, to be so continually thwarted and blamed, when praise was deserved," accompanied the beautiful bargain to its settled home in the best bed-room, and Mrs. Ponder stood before it with a sorrowful sort of enjoyment, wishing her husband had a more liberal spirit. Mr. Ponder, thinking he would be a little hard on her, followed her up to the best bed-room, and paid a complimentary tribute to her taste.

"Oh, I know you must admire it!" she said, with animation. "See! what drawers! and look! what lovely deep shelves! and these private drawers! and such room for hanging dresses! Oh, it will hold oceans!"

Mr. Ponder was going to say he was glad that the Pacific and broad Atlantic were not likely to be put up at auction, but having only just made peace he abstained from his joke; and very soon Mrs. Ponder's bargain became rather a care to her.

They seldom used the best bed-room. The wardrobe row in her room was occupying enough for her entire life; she was sorry that ten months at least one of the twelve beautiful convenient bargain should be useless. Suddenly a bright thought struck her; it was just the thing to hold spare lines; but then she had two noble linen-chests already. This was soon managed; they should be converted into store-chests, and the linen should immediately travel to the wardrobe!

This was excellent management, and all the morning Mr. Ponder heard nothing of his wife, but in the afternoon she said, "I am going to Repp's, dear, with Mr. Smith; she tells me there is to be a sale of linen, house linen, just such as I want, and it will be marvellously cheap, so I won't lose the opportunity."

"House linen!" exclaimed Mr. Ponder, "surely we cannot be in want of that!" (remembering, as he did the stock of homespun and fine damasks that his good old mother had bequeathed to him in the two linen-chests.)

"Of course, dear, I don't mean to say we actually want it at this recent moment; but linen, like all other things, wears out, and no good manager allows her stock to run down," said Mr. Ponder, who had a large space yet left in her last bargain, which she thought would look well filled up with damask.

Mr. Ponder happened to be at the ball-door when his wife returned from the sale in a coach laden with articles of various kinds. He went to her to assist, and, rather against her inward wish, watched the packages carried into the house.

"Linen?" he asked, looking at an open hamper of jars and bottles.

"No, dear, I found it was a general sale, and things being almost given away (there being little company there), I couldn't resist buying these cheap bottles of sauce and pickles."

"But you and I never eat pickles?" said Mr. Ponder.

"No, but other people do, and it's nice to have them," said the lady, who destined them for her store-chests.

"Linen?" again inquired Mr. Ponder, pointing to a huge gaily-looking rough box.

"No, that is soap; I have got it at one-third almost of the price, and soap is always the better for keeping."

So is money, thought her husband; but he contented himself with saying that he would settle the soap on his bill as will as part of her share of his property, for he was sure, unless they not only washed at home, but took in washing, they could never use that quantity.

"Well, my dear, I have bought nothing but useful things," retorted the lady, smiling; "we certainly can do without soap."

"Linen?" inquired Mr. Ponder, as the last installment came in, his wife following with anxious vigilance.

"No, Mr. Ponder, it is not linen," she cried, smiling; "it is two dozen of old china plates that will just make up my set. I was delighted to see them; I despaired of ever being able to get any."

"What are they for—dinner plates?"

"Dinner!" said the lady; "they are so tender, the touch of a knife would break them."

"What use will you put them to, then?"

"Use? don't I tell you they make up an imperfect set which being imperfect was worth little, but now—"

"Would you for a very good bargain at Repp's," suggested Mr. Ponder.

The wife did not stay to argue; she went off with her boxes to see them stored in

proper quarters, and found the work sufficient to occupy her till bedtime.

Leaving her to her work, let us ask, what are Mrs. Ponder's shelves, full of glass and china, and her chairs, upholstered with all sorts, worth to her? All "picked up" articles, more or less rare, and extremely cheap!

First, look at the glass and china.

Every now and then Mrs. Ponder is for a day invisible to her friends, unavailable to her family, and uncomfortable to herself, because she has to dust and wash precious articles that she dares not entrust even to her parlor-maid; and when they are washed and dusted, they are put back on the shelves till they want washing again.

Some are much too costly, others far too fragile, to be used except on the most special occasions; and when such an event does happen, her heart is in a tremor till the precious bargains are once more safe in their hiding-places. The real value of them is imaginary; the true cost is not only the price she paid, but a large addition of time and trouble, and when a crack or a chip comes (in spite of all precautions) the loss of tempo!

Mr. Ponder, who had received with his wife the brilliant reputation of her being a first-rate manager, wishes he had been as happy as to light on a second or even a third-rate, for his experience of "first-rate management" is that it leads to very little comfort and very great expense. When he is complimented by outside observers on "what a capital manager Mrs. Ponder is," he thinks to himself that the manager to spend a great deal of money, and he wishes in his heart that she knew the secret of "managing to do without." He sometimes tells her that they will have to take another house for her accumulations of linen they will never use, house-made wines that will go down to their heirs and ancestors as vinegar, preserves that are rotting away all their sweetness, and pickles that are drying up their vinegar; and as to furniture, he only wishes he could get a day at Repp's to sell at half their cost "the bargains that cost just nothing!"

Courage.

Some three years ago, while performing in Philadelphia, a leopard on the tamer's back quietly inserted one of his hind claws in his thigh, one of her fore claws in his shoulder, and all her teeth in his right side, and there he held on, enjoying the warm blood, while the sufferer, entirely suppressing pain and fear, tried to wriggle out of the grip, with no cool appearance that only one other person perceived that there was anything wrong.

This gentleman said to the proprietor, "Mr. F., (that leopard is eating your brother up.) Mr. F. thought not; but his other (since an old showman) insisted, until an attendant was made to knock off the head with an iron bar. The wounded man would have proceeded with his performance, but the proprietor called him out, and the exhibition was never again repeated.

HERE is the most dog-gone affectionate sample of a monkey poetry that we have ever seen—

When old Carlo sits in Sally's chair,
O, don't I wish that I were there!

When her little fingers pat his head,
O, don't I wish 't was me instead!

When Sally's arms his neck in passion,
O, don't I wish my neck was his!

When Sally kisses Carlo's nose,
O, don't I wish that I were those!

The Queen of Denmark drives out in a suilling cano suit.

The most warlike nation of modern times is vaccination, because it is always in arms.

Value of Advertising.

"Without advertising I should be a poor man to-day."—H. T. Hildbold.

"I advertised my productions and made money."—Nicholas Longworth.

"Advertising has furnished me with a competence."—Amos Lawrence.

"A man who is liberal in advertising is liberal in trade, and such a man succeeds while his neighbor with just as good goods, fully and drops out of market."—Horace Greedy.

"He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising."—A. T. Stewart.

"Can't say and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth."—Stephen Girard.

P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million of dollars in ten years to the unlimited use of printer's ink.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

Payment is required in advance.

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Agents are wanted to obtain subscribers for this paper—the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Good commissions allowed. Address H. M. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

FARMING FOR PROFIT.

A new Illustrated Hand-book for Farmers, young and old. By Geo. E. Warren, Jr., of Ogdensburg, N.Y. This is pre-eminently the King of Agricultural books. Dr. Board, THOMAS PETERLIN, the new Family Medical Guide, tells how to cure every disease, and how to keep the family healthy and strong. It is the best selling book ever offered, and is a valuable addition to every household. Send for particulars. E. B. TRIST & Co., 634 Broadway, New York.

SENT FREE TO AGENTS.

A Pocket Prospectus of the best Illustrated English Bible, published in both English and German, containing Bible History, Dictionary, Analysis, Harmony, and History of Religions. FLINT & Co., 20 South 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

HISTORY OF THE

WAR IN EUROPE

It contains over 1,000 fine engravings of battle scenes, and is the most complete and accurate history of the war, and is the only one published in both English and German. Agents are in every city with a large stock of copies. A large list of agents is published in both English and German. Interior illustrations are being sent to you by express, and you may see them at once. Send a circular and see our time, and a full description of the work. Address NATIONAL PUBLICATION CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

TO FARMERS.

Five years experience has taught me how to get rid of the CHICKEN WORMS at a trifling expense. I enclose you the Circular containing full particulars. Address: BOSTON, N. H., C. A. PA.

BOOK AGENTS

Will loan of something that will not harm from \$10 to \$100 each, and will sell with me in return for the book. Circular containing full particulars. Address: BOSTON, N. H., C. A. PA.

\$2500 Key-Book. Des. square shoulder and handle, free. R. M. BRADY, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHISKERS! One package of Prof. Hall's "Bleed" will cure the most obstinate itching of the scalp, and the most stubborn dandruff, in 10 days or less. Price 50 cents. A package, 50 cents. For 10 cents. Address: BOSTON, N. H., C. A. PA.

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1,700,000 ACRES IN IOWA!

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R. R. LAND COMPANIES

OF IOWA AND NEBRASKA.

OFFER THE ABOVE LANDS TO SETTLERS, on 60 to 120 acre lots, on terms of 10 to 20 years, or for cash.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Man Constructor.

"John, undo his tail! There, ladie and gentlemen, is the wonderful man constructor, as called because he constructs men; pleasing images with his corpulent form. The constructor is a long animal, as you will perceive, and is very long-lived! He lives a hundred years or more if he don't die beforehand! He is of the worm species, and worms himself along the ground with legs! He is capable of climbing the highest trees, in which he is fond of concealing himself in the branches thereof, that he may impose upon the benighted traveller or other beast wharvey to mistake his hunger.

"He makes his critical before he eats 'em, and then swallows 'em head first! The constructor can much larger, yet I think the constructor could lick him, for he is full of pluck! Frisk him, John, and make him him! When he bites he is very angry, and comes very little what becomes of him! This is because he is very weak-minded and has a small head! He has, however, a very large belly, and when it is full he is very good-natured! He has a very lovely skin, but is very ugly tempered. He is very sulky and lazy, and he is an spiteful, it is a mercy he can't talk! I have look over of this mighty snake for three years, but he shows no gratitude! He is a glutton, and likes to stuff himself, and then to go to sleep! If John didn't stir him, (stir him again, John), he would never wake up except to his vitalis!

"I don't know's I ought to blame him much, though, because nature is nature whether in Boston or the rude valleys of Bengal! I have an uncle who lived in Bengal, and a brother who has never been there! My uncle tells me he has seen ten thousand men constructors at one time frolicking in the forest, and eating each other up! My brother does not believe it, but then he has not seen it! My uncle may be depended upon! He sold rum and sugar to the Indians! He is the only man in the world who ever sold liquor to the man constructor! This is the one he gave it to! He first got it tight, and then boxed him up! The box will never forgive him!"

Hints on Gardening:

Especially Adapted for Young Beginners.

Clearing the Ground.—This is the first operation. Gather together all the sticks and stumps and rubbish which have littered your garden throughout the winter, and put them in a heap to burn. The best day to select for the fire is your wife's washing-day. As soon as the linen is in the garden see light to your pile, taking care to burn a few sheets and things. This will probably result in the washing being put out in the future—at any rate, if the washing isn't, your wife will be. Besides, are you sure to come out to converse with you the moment your bundle blows up, and it is pleasant to have a effect in the garden on a fine morning.

Digging.—If the weather is wet or chilly, it is done easiest by hiring a man—say at \$2 a day—to do it for you, stopping in bed yourself. You'll find it easier to get the spirits to be snug and warm in bed, and hear somebody else at work in the damp garden. Directly the sun comes out, it is a good plan to walk up and down the path, smoking a meerschaum and looking on while your deputy perspires over his spade. It will give you an appetite for breakfast. Try it.

Sowing.—When your ground is all prepared, then is the time usually chosen to put in seeds. But do this on any account. It is a great bother, and difficult to accomplish without getting your hands dirty, and making your back ache. A better plan by far is to wait till somebody brings the plants in pots to your door, all ablooming and a-growing, and then buy them and place them in your garden, pots and all. But if once you put seeds in the ground, it is not always easy to find them again, especially the little ones.

Plants of Gardening.—These are enormous. Every day the attentive gardener will find something fresh to attract his notice, and employ his mind. To-day some extraordinary growth (probably a rank and noxious weed) appears. To-morrow some cherished plant disappears—some one has got over your wall and "requisitioned" it. Here forms of animal life, too, show at frequent intervals—slugs, lice, caterpillars, snow-bugs, and your neighbors' chickens and cats—all these make things lively for you, and you throw half bricks, and probably swear, at these last in the most unaffected manner. In short, there is no form of relaxation open to a busy man, which, for placid comfort and quiet interest, can be compared to a garden.

SMART BOY.—A smart boy in one of the public schools, having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows:—"The Throat—A throat is convenient to have, especially to rooters and ministers. The former eats cars and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up."

VERY LAZY.—There is a Western story of a man who was too lazy to work, and whose neighbors being tired of keeping him, determined to drown him. Meeting the square, his pity was touched. "Set me down," he said; "I'll give him a load of corn to keep him alive." The victim raised his head from the tier: "Shelled, quater?" "No." The head dropped again. "Drive on boys, then."

An organ-grinder with an instrument as offensive to the ear as was bagpipes to the innocent Shakespeare, commenced his grinding bench at the window of a house where a party had just sat down to dinner. Dismayed with the horrible discord, they sent a few tickets to the vagrant that he might leave.

The exquisite answer given was—"I never grow on it, I can do one time!"

For this brilliant witicism the grinder was rewarded with two dimes.

REFINED HOMER.—Refined homes are the end of civilization. All the work of the world—the railroading, navigating, digging, manufacturing, inventing, teaching, writing, fighting, are done, first of all, to create each family in the possession of its own hearth; and secondly, to surround as many hearths as possible with grace and culture and beauty. The world all round for five thousand years is represented in the difference between a wigwag and a lady's parlor. It has no better result to show.



THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN PARIS.

MY GRACE.

Three epigrammatic friends I happen to know
(They love your poet, he loves them
dearly).
They are as sisters to me, and so
My eyes can see and judge of them clearly.
Their names—my heart's a pitiful case;
I know them as Grace, and Grace, and Grace.

As witching a siren is Grace the First
As ever to lonely wanderer beckoned;
Full many a wail might hunger and thirst
For a flask of the eye from Grace the Second.

And many might prize a tender word
From the eloquent lips of Grace the Third.
Grace the First is winningly fair,
And half a hoyden and half a woman;
You'd think the wild gold wealth of her hair
As elfin charm, and nothing of human.
She can laugh, and cry, and coquette, this
elf;

And altogether she loves—herself.

Grace the Second is dark and grand,
With her tempest eyes she'll scan you
thoroughly;
She can love or hate with a touch of her
hand,
And she speaks with a candor you'd call
naughty;
And many a heart-wound gives and takes,
But weeps at last for the hurt she makes.

Grace the Third has the face that shows
Her sweet expression can run for beauty;
No widows here, nor a dim repose,
But a simple outflow of love and duty.
The charm of the lily, the breath of the rose,
And the fragrances of both from her soul out-
flow.

Give me Grace the First for a day;
Grace the Second to-day and to-morrow;
Grace the Third forever and aye:
Thus choose I in the world of sorrow.
Yet, why choose, O privileged me,
While I may count for my friends all three?

ONE OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY BURR THORNBURY.

"I used to think they were all sour and hateful," said pretty Lucy Gray to her friend, Clara Dalton, as they sat one summer afternoon on the river-shore, their faces and their tongues equally in motion. She referred to old maids of course; that much-abused class of individuals having become at last the subject of their discourse. "But since I saw your Aunt Margaret," continued the vivacious little maiden, "I have changed my notion. Your aunt has a queen's name, Clara, and she is queenly herself. She is so stately and sweet, so good and gracious, that since I have seen her I have been puzzling myself to distraction to account for her never marrying. The conclusion I've come to is that she could never find any one good enough for her, but then she is so affectionate and charitable and sensible, that I am not sure that was the reason after all. I know she thinks a good husband is a desirable possession, and was shrewd enough to choose the right man if he offered. And she had no doubt. It's a mystery to me. I would like to ask her all about it, only I am afraid to," concluded Lucy.

Clara listened with patience to this medley of question, logic and reflection, and when the speaker ended, folded her fan and putting it against her pearls teeth, bent her head over it in a thoughtful way, making a very pretty picture of intense meditation. "What a queer young thing she thinks!" asked Lucy. "I was not so colloquial, and I rather expected my inquiries would receive your attention, Clara. I don't suppose you can satisfy me though, or you would have done so before, as you have often heard me mystify myself about your aunt, the nicest and kindest that ever bore the title."

"Lucy," replied the cher girl at last, "I am as much interested in the matter of Aunt Margaret's single life as you are. Even now, for though I have never heard the particulars (I am not fit to be told, you know), I am sure there is a romance connected with her youth, when she was fairly more beautiful, though differently beautiful than she is now. There is a mystery about her. I have questioned her on the subject, but she always seems disinclined to tell me anything, but looks so strangely that I feel retaken. Perhaps I oughtn't to know, and I am content to rest in ignorance if I thought it would cause my dear aunt the slightest pain to feel that I had been informed. Sometimes, Lucy, I feel almost glad that aunt is an 'old maid,' because she receives the class more disagreeable than others, for I expect to belong to the sisterhood myself some day," and Clara, which was only another way of saying that she didn't expect to.

After more talk on the same subject, the end quite as usual—factory as the organizing, the young ladies resumed their books and read till the pages grew dim before their sight, and the dreary sounds of the summer afternoon lulled them to sleep. Beautiful they looked, reclining on the same seat, a book fallen from the hand of each—a picture for any artist. Nor was it with-

out a beholder. Seated a short distance above them, in the great shadow of a large maple, was Aunt Margaret, viewing them with an expression of fondness on her face, tempered by a soft, and I had almost said a smiling melancholy. She had approached, unmolested by the chatting girls, just at the moment they had abandoned their talk for their books, and caught the concluding words of the elder—her beloved and beautiful niece. The words evidently called up sad, and it might be, tender recollections. Whatever the character of Aunt Margaret's heart-experiences had been, it was plain that they were not wholly unhappy. There was something in her way of expressing both hope and resignation, it was hard to say which was most singular. She approached the sleeping couple. They began to stir a little uneasily; perhaps it was their dreams, but as they were no doubt of a very pleasant kind, we must conclude it was the flies that troubled them.

"Girls!" What a sweet, strong voice, so richly womanly! "Girls!" repeated Aunt Margaret.

They awoke in pretty confusion.

"Oh! aunt, is it you?" they exclaimed together when they saw who the intruder was. "How you startled us!"

"Never mind, my dears; you startled me just before you went to sleep." Double confusion now reigned them, but seeing that Aunt Margaret (as they both called her) was smiling very pleasantly, though a little sadly, their fear of her being offended at their conversation vanished, and seeing their opportunity, a simultaneous "Do tell us your life-story, aunt," came pleading from the lips of the anxious and admiring girls.

Aunt Margaret looked more beautiful than ever just then, a rapture struck through a rift in the leaves and lighted up her face like a smile; it was not too late yet for her to win some loving heart.

"I will tell you the story of my life—my heart-story if you please—all but the ending; that is to come."

The young ladies looked surprised and more interested than ever.

"Twenty years ago," began Aunt Margaret, "twenty-one though in point of fact, before either of you had entered this magnificent life, I was living in the city of New Orleans with my sister—your mother, Clara; and being then in the hey-day of my youth, and having every opportunity of acquainting myself with the best society of the city was of course enjoying myself exceedingly. I was called beautiful by some."

"By all, aunt," interrupted her listeners. Aunt Margaret's smile was hardly a disclaimer, and she continued her story.

"I had what are called admirers, whose attentions were so constant that they were at times a little tiresome—even a valiant flatterer girl like her freedom, you know, girls—but I do not think I had a real lover until I met Arthur Graham—and before we had seen each other many times there was a very pleasant understanding between us. It was the old story up to the time our engagement was announced, and preparations were being made for the wedding. Arthur Graham was a noble man—one of nature's—my family were all pleased with him; his standing in social and professional circles was the best, and a happy future seemed opening before me. But it is not worth while to look with certainty for happiness in this world, my dear girls, take the good of to-day, and let to-morrow show as brightly as it will, but remember it is to-morrow."

Aunt Margaret paused, and a look of pain came over her features. Lucy and Clara were silent.

"The very morning of the day we were to be married," she resumed, "a terrible event occurred, preventing the expected grand wedding to which our friends had been invited, many of whom came only to be shocked at the news which awaited them; not that, for it fell fast, and profoundly agitated every circle in the city in which we had moved. Arthur Graham on the day of his expected wedding was arrested for a crime I will not pain myself and you to name. He was innocent, yet he could not be proved so to the world. The circumstances of the case were so strange and trying that I fear if I were to narrate them, which would be both unnecessary and painful, you would think it only a hard-earned lesson, instead of a sorrowful reality."

Arthur was a self-made man, and standing so well in the community was of course envied and disliked by many, who with greater opportunities had made use of them. With that malignant delight, rubbied to be sure, but just as real, which is a disgrace to our nature—the enemies of Arthur Graham—enemies for no reason of his—aw their chance to revenge themselves on him for his superiority. They prosecuted him guilty, and were glad to do it; the whole affair was shocking of course, but it showed what men of fair professions could bring themselves to do, &c., &c. Such expressions and hints and insinuations had their intended effect on increasing the feeling against the accused. Arthur in his innocent because at last resigned to his fate; to the few who clung to him through all he was deeply grateful, but toward the many less charitable he grew at last indifferent—it was despair. Circumstances were against him, and the verdict of the court that said him "guilty." He was sentenced to an imprisonment of thirty years. I would have married him, with all the world against him, had he been willing;

but he was firm in his refusal to make me the wife of a felon in the law. This is a terrible story my dear girls, and I almost wonder that I can bring myself to repeat it. You may in turn wonder how I endured my sorrow; but friends were kind, Arthur was innocent, God is just and patience has its reward at last. Let me drop the veil over the sad and lonely years that followed. I did not after the first year resign myself to hopeless grief, but found work to do, and about Heaven for it, for it has saved me. Of late have I not seemed happier to you than when you first knew me?"

"You always seemed happy to me, aunt," answered sympathetic Clara, "that is—how can I express it—very happy."

Aunt Margaret smiled and paused.

"Oh! aunt, go on, go on," cried Lucy, who had caught from the words of the stately woman a suggestion of something glad to follow. "The story is not ended yet; there is something more!"

"Yes," was the reply, given in a tone so deep and so full of meaning that the girls pressed closer to the speaker. "You think I am a priestess," she continued, "but in my heart there is a feeling so restless, so eager, that I sometimes think I am a hypocrite to be so quiet apparently, when I am so impatient in reality. In a short time I expect to be informed that Arthur is to be discharged from imprisonment, years in advance of the expiration of his term, since his conduct has been so unimpeachable during his confinement, that although he is still believed guilty by the majority, we are sure the governor can be induced to pardon him. Pardon him!" she repeated bitterly, "he who was never guilty. He has promised the day he is released to make me his wife. Unknown to you, unknown to nearly every one, I have seen him frequently during his imprisonment, and we are the same to each other as we were before that dreadful event clouded what should have been to us years of happiness and freedom. I have little more to say just now, my dears, but I pray God that your young hearts may never suffer as mine has; but if any girl so great should fall upon you, ask for the sustaining patience which heaven has in kindness given me."

Deeply affected, just as the evening coolness of the day began to be felt, the three left the river-side for the house.

It was October—the month that is to the deciding what Jane is to the opening year. Clara Dalton and Lucy Gray were again on the river-shore; Aunt Margaret was with them—and Arthur Graham was with her—her husband. He had not been "pardoned" by the governor, but his immediate discharge had been ordered in just six weeks after the summer day Margaret Hartley had told her life-story to her young friends, in consequence of revelations made by the parties really guilty of the crime for which Arthur Graham had been tried and convicted. The mighty wrong that had been done him both by the law and the world could never be repaired. A great gap had been made in his life by those years of ignominious confinement. But his heart had been alive and sweet by the faithful love of Margaret. It was indeed a beautiful and unusual proof of woman's constancy. My readers will think that I have been telling them an invented tale, and indeed it reads very much like it, but it is truth and not fiction.

The world lost a "nice old maid" when Margaret Hartley became Mrs. Arthur Graham; but if this story has a minor moral, it is to show that there are among those whom the thoughtless call "old maids," as if the title were a reproach, some of the best, the gentlest and the most loving of the sex.

The name William is derived from Will who was one of the three primeval Teuton deities who together performed the creation of mankind. He was a per-orificator of evil—not only of inclination (religion), but of impulse also. Among an enterprising and determined race, such as ours, therefore, the name William is fittingly conspicuous. Henry is a Norman name—Harry being, as Miss Yonge says, "its right native shape," and the surnames derived from this form of the word (viz., *Harries, Harris, Harrison, Parry*) belonging to a much larger number of people than the derivatives of Henry which latter way of spelling is only an imitation of the French mode, *Henri*.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Horse in His Stall.

Notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject, people still confine their horses, compel them to stand in the same cramped place, and in their own dung, and this from day to day, even for a whole winter, and some during the year. The result is, thick legs, stiff joints, bad hoofs, and other ailments of the general system, as well as the feet and legs.

This is wrong. A horse cannot tell his injuries—he suffers in silence, becomes crippled, spoiled for life, dies, and that is the end of him. True thousands of horses are annually lost—and the evil extends to every neighborhood. We are all, or nearly all, guilty of this. Do we not, dear reader—most of us—fasten our horses to one spot, where they cannot move, and there force them to stand? Are we guileless of well-lit legs in our horses? Are they as comfortable in their cramped condition as when they are in the field, or where they have room in their stall? To tie a horse in his stall is the first link in the chain of abuse. Give your horse freedom—he has the principles of his enjoyment within him. Give him a chance to walk, to change his position, to be at ease, and not cramped, cramped, cramped. Treat him rationally. Not as to the habit—the habit is bad. Look to his wants intelligently. He will appreciate you and remember your favor—or a horse has a good memory. But bad treatment is bad for him—bad to remember; but he submits to it because he must; and he will make the best of a bad thing, even walk without invitation into his prison stall—it is his only place, and there he will suffer in silence. Give him room—let him loose in it. Give him bedding—clean bedding every day. And do it now. We are now talking to the careless and reckless. A humane, intelligent man will see that his horse is cared for. Treat the animal which is your mate's reliance with more care, and you will not regret it.—*Rural World*.

Stomach.

There are very few cases of genuine hydrophobia, and many a poor dog has been killed as mad who was only crazed by being pursued by excited men and boys.

—The beef condensing factory near Houston, Texas, boils down a bullock into twelve pounds.

—All salted provisions should be washed and seen that they are kept under the brine, for if one piece of meat lies up it will spoil the whole barrel. If the brine looks bloody, it must be scalded and more salt added; when cold, pour back.

—Very weak phosphoric acid is a strong poison for all kinds of insects, and yet helps plants, by adding to the soluble phosphates in the soil, and can do them no harm. Extensive use of it is professed in agriculture.

—In the courtyard of the city of Allahabad, in India, there has existed from 300 B. C. a column of polished stone, with an inscription upon it which has defied readers for many years, but is so long found to be a proclamation against cruelty to animals. These were the teachings of the Brahmins 250 years before the birth of Christ, and we are almost ashamed to say that it is necessary to enforce the same lessons at this late day, when the merciful teaching of Christianity are spreading over the world.

THE RIBBLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 50 letters.
My 40, 12, 18, 38, 66, 7, 2, 6, 15, is an English statesman.
My 39, 35, 47, 57, 56, was President of the United States.
My 4, 49, 22, 30, 24, 16, was a king of England.
My 1, 17, 11, 29, 45, 18, 9, 33, 42, 49, 52, was a king of France.
My 8, 17, 50, 53, is a river in the United States.
My 1, 28, 10, 58, 37, 24, was a Roman emperor.
My 45, 44, 36, 20, 50, 25, 9, was a name prominent in the late French war.
My 43, 41, 40, 46, 53, 13, 22, 54, 6, 42, 15, was a hot-bunter.
My 43, 38, 34, 19, 31, was a general in the Mexican war.
My 47, 53, 1, 55, 56, 49, 53, 58, was an ancient law-giver.
My 8, 11, 1, 39, 43, 54, 42, was a Grecian state.
My 23, 29, 42, 8, 13, 37, was a noted traitor.
My whole is a promise of our Saviour.
Plainville, Ohio. W. M.

Word Square.

Something warm on the foot.

Mixtures.

An article of perfumery.

To pitch or throw. J. T. D.

Conundrums.

Why can't a thief easily steal a watch?
Ans.—Because he must take it off its guard.
When may a man be said to be really over head and ears in debt? Ans.—When he hasn't paid for his wig.
When do you think you could eat a lady's head? Ans.—When it's a warm maff in.

What are the most disagreeable articles for a man to keep on hand? Ans.—Lland cuff.

[And yet a policeman who travels—ahem! after somebody—will tell you that land-cuffs are most charmingly adapted to two-wrista.]

What is the difference between homicide and pig-sticking? Ans.—One is assault with intent to kill, the other a kill with intent to eat.

How can you, by changing the pronunciation of a word only, turn a murder into crime? Ans.—By making man's laughter men-slaughter.

When does a son not take after his father? Ans.—When his father leaves him nothing to take.

Why is the treadmill like a true convert? Ans.—Because its turning is the result of conviction.

If Old Nick were to lose his tail, where should he go to supply the deficiency? Ans.—To a gin palace, because there bad spirits are re-tailed.

[We always have had an idra, however, that Old Nick was already living in an Ast-L.]

To what port ought a C-ship in a storm to steer for? Ans.—Union Bay, I guess.

Why are convicts like old maids going to be married? Ans.—Because they go off in transports.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Washington at the battle of Trenton. CHARADE—Muf-sh. WORD SQUARE—

E M M A
M O O N
M O A N
A N N A

Answer to Junior's PROBLEM of April 29th—3465. Junior, D. Diefenbach, C. R. Hooper. "How high." O. R. Sheldon, Geo. A. Weuck.

Answer to J. S. Phelps's PROBLEM of March 4th—214 officers, 5029 men. J. S. Phelps, R. H. Young, Veritas, Craig, Geo. W. Sublette, O. R. Sheldon.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of April 15th—Amanac runs ahead of its place in 4000 calendar years 23 hours 20 minutes. D. Diefenbach, Geo. W. Sublette, Wm. E. Holley.

Answer to R. H. Young's PROBLEM of April 8th—6411. O. R. Sheldon.

Answer to X. D. Phelps's PROBLEM of March 23rd—\$280,000 X. D. Phelps, Geo. A. Weuck.

Answer to P. Phelps's PROBLEM of March 11th—A, \$74.64; B, \$96.96; C, \$112.32; D, \$129.84. P. Phelps, D. Diefenbach, O. R. Sheldon.

RECIPTS.

SYRUP OF CURRANTS.—Pick ripe currants, and put them under a steam-pipe over the fire, so that they get hot, and burst; press them through a sieve, and the liquor is a cool collar for thirty-six hours; then strain it through cloth, sweeten with loaf sugar, and bottle for use. The juice of cherries and raspberries may be prepared as above. This syrup, mixed with spring water, makes a refreshing summer drink.

LEMONADE.—Three lemons to a pint of water makes strong lemonade; sweeten to your taste. This is the best beverage for social parties; cool, refreshing, pleasant and salubrious.

ORANGEADE.—Roll and press the juice from the oranges in the same way as from lemons. It requires less sugar than lemonade. This water must be pure and cold, and there can be nothing more delicious than these two kinds of drink.